



THE PHILOSOPHY OF DREAMS.

Dr. Cantor delivered a lecture on Wednesday, at the Mechanics Institution, in the course of which he mentioned some curious circumstances respecting dreams. He said that the succession of ideas which had passed through our minds when awake were often remembered, and recalled during sleep, and that was what was called dreaming. Dreams generally took place when the circulation of the blood was impeded. Our memory was often more distinct and strong when we dreamed than when we were awake. It was because, when we were asleep, the association of ideas went on without being disturbed or counteracted, and there was no controlling power over it. He would say a few words about the most extraordinary of all classes of dreams—namely, the prophetic dreams, in which the future is revealed to the dreamer. They were all acquainted with the facts connected with the assassination of Mr. Perceval, the Prime Minister. When that statesman was still alive, a gentleman in the country, of the name of Williams, dreamed that he was standing in the lobby of the House of Commons and saw Mr. Perceval enter, and instantly a man discharge a pistol at him. Mr. Williams told his wife, who made light of it, and his friends called him a fanatic. A week afterwards the news arrived that Mr. Perceval had been murdered in the very way the gentleman had dreamed. A still more remarkable instance had occurred to the late Sir H. Davy. When young, and ill of the typhus fever, he dreamed he saw a dark-haired and dark-eyed young lady, with whom he fell in love. Years afterwards he went to the continent, and there met with the identical party, and it was to his care that he owed the complete restoration of his health, and he married her. There was a great number of such dreams recorded. The ancients paid great attention to dreams. A decree was published under Augustus commanding that every one who had dreamed a remarkable dream should report the same to the government. It was certain that the mind possessed sometimes in dreams an *a priori* knowledge which was highly remarkable. It was sometimes the same just before the moment of death. There was, indeed, scriptural authority in favour of dreams. But the fulfilment of dreams was by no means astonishing, generally speaking. Let them take the population of London, viz., nearly 2,000,000, and when they reflected that one half of these had dreams every night, there would be about 300,000,000 of dreams per year. Now, was it astonishing that amongst this immense number of dreams one or two should be fancies that really come to take place. The dreams that were realized were noted or remarked upon, but no notice was taken of the immense number that were never realised. It was natural, according to the doctrines of chances, that a few should turn out to be true. Some extraordinary examples of the effect of sleep were quoted. Once a person went to sleep as he was chaunting a psalm, and after being unconscious for a long time, awoke, and began singing precisely where he had left off. Again, an old lady was recorded who went to sleep whilst playing at whist, and on awaking several days after, cried out, "what's trumps?"

August 31-1840.



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1839. W. Garner

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A
DISCOURSE

ON

DREAMS AND NIGHT-VISIONS;

WITH

NUMEROUS EXAMPLES ANCIENT AND
MODERN.

By the Rev^d. DAVID SIMPSON, M. A.

Those who most attentively consider the phenomena of the
moral and natural world, will be most inclined to admit
the agency of invifible beings.

ADVENTURER.

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M, DCC, XCI.



DREAMS.—The Rev. H. Alexander, on lecturing at Lancaster last week upon dreams, related the following story:—There had been a sad murder committed on an amiable young man named Horrocks. He was found robbed, and his head beaten in with bludgeons. The murder excited more than common sympathy, and for many months vigilant search was made for the perpetrators. A particular friend of the murdered man one night awoke in great terror, and told his wife that God had revealed to him in a dream that Samuel Longwith, of Bolton, was the murderer. It is important to observe, that Longwith was a man with whom he had no acquaintance, whom he had scarcely ever seen, and who lived 20 miles off. His wife told him to think no more about it, but to go to sleep. He did so, but again awoke from the effects of the same dream. He resolved to set out for Bolton instantly, and apply for a warrant against Longwith. He did so, but the magistrate to whom he applied refused to take it on such evidence. He retired in mortification. As he was passing through the market place he met Longwith, whom he immediately desired to go to a public-house with him to hear something he had to communicate. There, locking the door, he at once charged Longwith with the murder. The man was seized with all the disorder of guilt, and faintly denied the accusation. In his confession he said he was innocent, for he did not strike the blow. "Then you know who did," replied the friend of the murdered man; and the man was taken up and examined. He prevaricated in his statement, and was remanded for three days, at the end of which, after many hours' prayer, he confessed that he had been induced to join three men in a robbing expedition; meeting Horrocks, who made some resistance; his companions murdered him. This confession came out before the Grand Jury, and upon it Longwith was brought to trial. The dream, and every thing supernatural, was of course not offered in evidence. "I was at the trial," continued St. Lawrence, in "*Human Life*," and the man, who was doggedly silent after being found guilty, again confessed his guilt just before his execution, to the small satisfaction of the Judge (Reek), who had no doubts, but many fears, arising from the paucity of the evidence, and the peculiar nature of the facts which led to the discovery."

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.—We quote the following strange consequence of somnambulism from the *Droit*:—"A working jeweller, in the Quartier St. Jacques, had repeatedly lost articles of value intrusted to him by his employers, and, from the circumstances of his life and establishment, could not believe the abstractions to have been made by any one but his own daughter. He repeatedly accused her of the thefts, which she strenuously denied. As they continued till all his savings were exhausted, and his conviction as to the cause remained unshaken, he turned his child out of doors and lived alone. Notwithstanding this, his losses did not cease, and he was almost in despair, when a few nights ago he was awakened from his sleep by a violent pain in one of his feet. On examining it, he found that it arose from a wound, in which there was a piece of glass. On recollection, he called to mind that on the preceding day he broke a glass on the table, and was convinced that he must have trod upon the fragments with his naked feet, and to do this must have walked in his sleep and got upon the table. Following up this idea, he made an investigation, and at length discovered all the missing articles concealed in the corner of the ceiling of the room. He sent for his daughter home next morning."

July 14. 1840.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE phenomenon of dreaming is extremely curious, and has excited the attention both of the Divine and Philosopher in every age. A few thoughts are here thrown together upon the subject, the reasonings confirmed by a variety of examples, and the whole applied to the purposes of morality and religion. The Author is not particularly anxious to establish the authenticity of every instance here adduced. All he has got to observe upon them in this place, is, that some of them are recorded by our best historians; others by those writers who have treated professedly on the subject: while some few have been received from persons now living, whose names he could produce, and whose veracity he hath no reason to call in question. Various will be the opinions of his Readers on the treatise. Some will, probably, peruse it with pleasure, others with indifference, and not a few with disdain. But to every class of his Readers the Author has only to reply—Read with seriousness, judge with candour, and then—valeat quantum vale-re potest.

SINGULAR SUICIDE CAUSED BY A DREAM.—A young lady, at a boarding school near Birmingham, had been set a task, and felt indignant at being obliged to learn it out of an old book, while the other scholars were indulged with new ones. She went next day to an old woman in the neighbourhood, and told her that she had had a singular vision : she dreamt that she was dead, and had been carried to the grave by such and such young ladies, naming some of her companions and young friends. She then asked the old woman what she thought of it ? The reply was, that she put no faith in dreams. A few days afterwards, when walking with the other scholars, she loitered behind, and, making her escape from the party, drowned herself in a pond near the school. On the bank of the pond she left her bonnet, in which was pinned a letter to her parents, entreating their forgiveness for such a rash act. She also requested to have at her funeral for bearers, the girls whom she dreamed had carried her to the grave, and enclosed some locks of hair as mementos of friendship. She was only about eleven years of age, and the daughter of very respectable people in the neighbourhood.—*Winslow's "Autograph of Suicide."* *October 15. 1840.*

SOMNAMBULISM.—At the cavalry barracks attached to the Ecole Militaire at Paris the greater part of the 10th Regiment of Chasseurs was suddenly awoken one night last week by shouts of "*Il est mort !*" It was presently ascertained that a young Lancer had thrown himself out of the first-floor window of the Ecole Militaire. His name was Charrier ; he entered the service in 1836, was always well-conducted, and no reasonable motive could be ascribed for the commission of the act, which proving fatal immediately after it was committed, no explanation could be got from the unfortunate young soldier himself. He was separated for a few days from his regiment, which is stationed at Versailles, having been brought up to Paris to give his testimony as a witness. The occurrence was subsequently explained by his regimental comrade stating the fact that he was addicted to somnambulism, and the circumstances were as follow :—During the course of the day he had gone out, in company with a Dragoon, to take a stroll through the streets of Paris. It had been his intention to visit his sister, a *bonne d'enfants* ; but they had loitered so long elsewhere that this they found impossible ; and the military hour of *courefeu* (curfew) arriving, they were forced to return to barracks. But Charrier being uneasy in mind, and dreaming, probably, of going to his sister's, ran during the night. Those who slept in the same room observed that he made his bed very carefully, put on his orderly jacket and his sabre, made a turn through the room, and then proceeded to open a window, which looked out on one of the courts of the military school. A sergeant of Chasseurs, whose bed was near this window, awakened by the cold, reproached the young lancer somewhat vehemently for opening the window at such a time and in such dreary weather. Whilst the sergeant was addressing him Charrier put his leg through the window, muttered a few words, and flung himself on the pavement, before the other could make the least movement to prevent him. The poor young soldier had been awoken by the voice of the sergeant, and in his first movement of surprise mistook the window for his bed, and killed himself. *December 25. 1840.*

A

DISCOURSE, &c.

JOB iv. 12—21.

Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he put no trust in his servants; and his angels he charged with folly: how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth? They are destroyed from morning to evening: they perish forever without any regarding it. Doth not their excellency which is in them go away? they die, even without wisdom.

AT sundry times and in divers manners God hath made himself known unto the world: sometimes by a voice; sometimes by dreams; sometimes by visions; sometimes by Urim and Thummim; sometimes by prophets; sometimes by apostles; but more especially by his Son. All these

methods are spoken of in scripture, and a variety of instances is recorded of each. This that I have just read for the text is a remarkable instance of divine revelation by a dream or vision, and extremely beautiful in its nature, as well as important in the instruction it conveys. Whoever has a taste for fine writing will not fail to admire the very elegant and awful representation.

The late pious and ingenious Mr. Hervey amplifies the whole vision in the following masterly manner:

“ *’Twas in the dead of night*: all nature lay shroud-
 “ ed in darkness. Every creature lay buried
 “ in sleep. The most profound silence reigned
 “ through the universe. In these solemn moments,
 “ Eliphaz alone, all wakeful and solitary, was mu-
 “ sing upon sublime and heavenly subjects:—When
 “ lo! an awful being, from the invisible realms,
 “ burst into his apartment. *A spirit passed before*
 “ *his face*. Astonishment seized the beholder.
 “ His bones shivered within him; his flesh trembled
 “ all over him; and the hair of his head stood erect
 “ with horror.—Sudden and unexpected was the
 “ appearance of the phantom; not such its depart-
 “ ure. *It stood still*, to present itself more fully to
 “ his view. It made a solemn pause, to prepare
 “ his mind for some momentous message.—After
 “ which a voice was heard; a voice, for the impor-
 “ tance of its meaning, worthy to be had in ever-
 “ lasting

“ lasting remembrance; for the solemnity of its
 “ delivery, enough to alarm a heart of stone.—It
 “ spoke; and this was the purport of its words:
 “ *Shall man, frail man, be just before the mighty God?*
 “ Shall even the most accomplished of mortals be
 “ pure in the sight of his Maker? *Behold*, and con-
 “ sider it attentively, *be put no such trust in his most*
 “ *exalted servants*, as could bespeak them incapable
 “ of defect. *And his very angels be charged with*
 “ *folly*; as sinking even in the highest perfection of
 “ their holiness, infinitely beneath his transcendent
 “ glories; as falling, even in all the fidelity of their
 “ obedience, inexpressibly short of the homage due
 “ to his adorable majesty. If angelic natures must
 “ not presume to justify either themselves or their
 “ services, before uncreated purity; how much
 “ more absurd is such a notion, how much more
 “ impious such an attempt *in them that dwell in*
 “ *houses of clay*; whose original is from the dust,
 “ and whose state is all imperfection?”

Such is the nature and purport of this celebrated
 portion of holy scripture. Whether it contains the
 relation of a real matter of fact, or only a poetical
 fiction, I undertake not to determine; nor is it need-
 ful to our present purpose that it should be determin-
 ed either one way or the other. For, however it
 may be with this, it is very certain there are many
 other cases recorded in the word of God, which bear
 no doubtful aspect. And the book, from whence

our text is selected, speaks of it as a thing common, and generally taken for granted, in that day. *When I say, says Job, my bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.* These, however, seem to imply nothing supernatural; they might be the mere effects of his disorder. But then Elihu tells us in the latter part of the poem, that God oftentimes doth give lectures of instruction in our nocturnal visions: *God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may with-draw man from his purpose, and bide pride from men.* This, I think, implies an agency upon the mind above what is natural. Indeed, the doctrine of dreams and night-visions, considered in this light, is well nigh exploded by most of the pretenders to reason and philosophy in the present day; [†] infomuch that it requires no small share of firmness of mind to avow a belief which is deemed so highly ignominious. [‡] And, it must be confessed

[†] It may be some consolation to a Christian, who is sober-minded enough to believe, with the bible, and many of our best English writers, in defiance of the sneers of our sceptical philosophers, to know, that Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, Cicero, Pliny, and several more of the greatest men of all antiquity, believed the doctrine of dreams and night-visions, as laid down in the following pages.

[‡] It should seem the excellent bishop Bull was of the same opinion, when he delivered the following sentiments, in his dis-

confessed, we cannot be too much upon our guard against illusions of this kind. In ages that are past they have been extremely common, and attended, in some cases, with most unhappy consequences.

But

course on the Office of the Holy Angels. "It is true indeed", says this pious man, "the good angels do not now ordinarily appear in visible forms, or speak by audible voices to men, as in ancient times they did. After God had once spoken unto men by his own Son, manifested in the flesh, and by him fully revealed his will to the world, and confirmed that revelation by a long succession of unquestionable miracles, there was no such need of angelic appearances, for the instruction, confirmation, and consolation of the faithful. The succeeding ages do indeed afford us very credible relations of some such apparitions now and then; but ordinarily, I say, the government of angels over us is now administered in a secret and invisible manner. Hence too, too many have been inclined either flatly to deny, or at least to call in question the truth of the doctrine we are now upon. But they have souls very much immersed in flesh, who can apprehend nothing but what touches and affects their senses; and they that follow this gross and sensual way of procedure, must at last necessarily fall into downright Epicurism, to deny all particular providence of God over the sons of men, and to ascribe all events to those causes that are next to them.

"But, besides, although the ministry of angels be now for the most part invisible, yet to the observant it is not altogether indiscernable.

"We may trace the footsteps of this secret providence over us in many instances, of which I shall note a few. How often may we have observed strong, lasting, and irresistible impulses upon our minds, to do certain things we can scarce for the present tell why or wherefore? the reason and good success of which we afterwards plainly see? So, on the contrary, there are oft times sudden and unexpected accidents, as we call them, cast in our way to divert us from certain enterprizes we are just ready to engage in, the ill consequences whereof we do afterwards, but not till then, apprehend. Again, quantum est in subitis casibus ingenium! How strange many times are our present thoughts and suggestions in sudden and surprising dangers! We then upon the spot resolve and determine

But, at the same time, it will be allowed by all, that we ought not to reason from the abuse of a doctrine to the utter rejection of it; that matters of fact, when once clearly ascertained, can no more be subverted by infidelity now, than in any former age; and that what has been so frequently found true in experience, may, under the same circumstances of human

“ as well, as if we had a long time deliberated, and taken the
 “ best advice and counsel; and we ourselves afterwards wonder
 “ how such thoughts came into our minds. Hither also we may
 “ refer that lucky conspiracy of circumstances, which we some-
 “ times experience in our affairs and business, otherwise of
 “ great difficulty; when we light upon the nick of opportunity;
 “ when the persons whose counsel or assistance we most need
 “ strangely occur, and all things fall out according to our desire,
 “ but beyond our expectation. What strange ominous abod-
 “ ings and fears do many times on a sudden seize upon men of
 “ certain approaching evils, whereof at present there is no
 “ visible appearance! And have we not had some unquestion-
 “ able instances of men not inclined to melancholy, strongly and
 “ unalterably persuaded of the near approach of their death, so
 “ as to be able punctually to tell the very day of it, when they
 “ have been in good health, and neither themselves nor their
 “ friends could discern any present natural cause for such a per-
 “ suasion, and yet the event hath proved, that they were not
 “ mistaken. And although I am no doter on dreams, yet I ve-
 “ rily believe, that some dreams are monitory, above the power
 “ of fancy, and impressed on us by some superior influence.
 “ For of such dreams, we have plain and undeniable instances
 “ in history, both sacred and profane, and in our own age and
 “ observation. Nor shall I so value the laughter of Sceptics,
 “ and the scoffs of the Epicureans, as to be ashamed to profess,
 “ that I myself have had some convincing experiments of such
 “ impressions. Now it is no enthusiasm, but the best account
 “ that can be given of them, to ascribe these things to the mini-
 “ stry of those invisible instruments of God’s providence, that
 “ guide and govern our affairs and concerns, namely, the
 “ angels of God”.

human nature, be expected to arise again. We will therefore endeavour to illustrate the subject by producing a number of instances, wherein God hath indisputably manifested his special providential care and attention, to the concerns of his creatures, by dreams and night-visions; first, from the word of God; secondly, from ancient history; and, thirdly, from well authenticated accounts in these latter ages, and even in the present day. We will then, lastly, make such reflections as naturally arise out of the cases produced, and conclude with an application of the whole to the purposes of morality and religion. The subject itself is curious, and of greater importance than, on the first view, may appear: for, taken in all its consequences, it involves an unanswerable proof for the Being of God, and a particular providence; for the existence of separate spirits, and the immortality of human souls. I readily grant, with all our best writers upon these subjects, that the greatest part of our dreams or night-visions are the mere creatures of imagination,¹ wild and extravagant

¹ Mr. Addison considers our common dreams as giving us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter. The heads of what he observes upon them are as follow: 1. Our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. 2. Dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection, which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. 3. The passions affect the mind, with greater strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. 4. What

vagant as the power that brings them forth.²

But

gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams, is that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. 5. The next property of the soul, is that wonderful power of producing her own company on these occasions. 6. The last property of the soul, I would mention, is its power of divining in dreams. See Spectator, N^o. 487. where all these heads are enlarged upon.

Dr. Young hath summed up the uses of common dreams in his usual sprightly, yet solemn manner thus:

“ ’Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
 “ While o’er my limbs sleep’s soft dominion spreads,
 “ What tho’ my soul phantastic measures trod
 “ O’er fairy fields; or mourn’d along the gloom
 “ Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
 “ Hurl’d headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
 “ Or scal’d the cliff; or danc’d on hollow winds
 “ With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
 “ Her ceaseless flight, tho’ devious, speaks her nature
 “ Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
 “ Active, aerial, tow’ring, unconfin’d,
 “ Unfetter’d with her gross companion’s fall.
 “ Ev’n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
 “ Ev’n silent night proclaims eternal day.
 “ For human weal heav’n husbands all events:
 “ Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.”

NIGHT I.

² The phenomenon of dreaming has exercised the wit of man in all ages; and various have been the theories invented to account for it. “ Epicurus fancied, that an infinite number of
 “ subtle images, some flowing from bodies, some formed of
 “ their own accord, and others made up of different things variously combined, were continually moving up and down in the
 “ air about us; and that these images, being of extreme fineness,
 “ penetrate our bodies; and, striking upon the mind, give rise
 “ to that mode of perception which we call imagination, and to
 “ which he refers the origin both of our waking thoughts and
 “ of our dreams.

But the question now is, not whether many of them are foolish and incho-

"Aristotle seems to think, that every object of outward sense makes upon the human soul, or upon some other part of, but frame, a certain impression, which remains for some time after the object that made it is gone, and which, being afterwards recognized by the mind in sleep, gives rise to those visions that then present themselves".*

Mr. Lock says, "The dreams of sleeping men are all made up of the waking man's ideas, though for the most part oddly put together." *Essay on the Understanding*, vol. 1. p. 76. c. 17.

Dr. Hartley explains all the phenomena of the imagination by his theory of vibrations and associations. "Dreams," says he, "are nothing but the imaginations or reveries of sleeping men, and they are deducible from three causes; viz. the impressions and ideas lately received, and particularly those of the preceding day, the state of the body, and particularly of the stomach, and brain, and association." *Obs. on Man*, vol. 1. c. 5. p. 383, &c.

Mr. Baxter, in his *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*, ascribes all our dreaming to separate spirits having access to our minds, and furnishing us with ideas while we sleep.

Physicians have frequently accounted for dreams from the state of the body. The observations of Hippocrates are curious. I will produce a specimen. "To dream of fire," says he; "indicates a redundance of yellow bile; to dream of fogs or smook, indicates a predominancy of black bile; to dream of seeing a fall of rain or snow, or a great quantity of ice, shews that there is a redundance of phlegm in the body; he who fancies himself among bad smells may be assured, that he harbours some putrid matter in his body; to have red things represented before you in sleep, denotes a redundance of blood; if the patient dreams of seeing the sun, moon, and stars, hurry on with prodigious swiftness, it indicates an approaching delirium; to dream of a turbid sea, indicates disorders of the belly; and to dream of seeing the earth overflowed with water, or of being immersed in a pond or river, indicates a redundance of watery humours in the body; to dream of seeing the earth burnt or parched up, is a sign of great heat and dryness; the appearance of monsters and frightful enemies, indicates deliriums in diseases, and to dream often of being thrown down

* See two excellent Papers on Dreaming in the *Mirror*, vol. 2. p. 298—319.

rent, and rise no higher than the common powers of nature, but whether God ever hath permitted, in ages that are past, and whether he ever doth now, upon any occasion whatever, permit his creatures to have such dreams and night-visions as are supernatural, significant, and admonitory.

Now, "from some very high place, threatens an approaching vertigo, "or some other disorder of the head, as an epilepsy, apoplexy, "or the like".†

Chaucer, in his tale of the Cock and the Fox, gives us a like physical reason for dreams. His words are thus modernized by Dryden.

— "All dreams
 "Are from repletion and complexion bred,
 "From rising fumes of indigested food,
 "And noxious humours that infect the blood.
 "When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
 "Of flames, and all the families of red:
 "Red dragons, and red beasts in sleep we view;
 "For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
 "From hence we dream of war, and warlike things,
 "And wasps, and hornets with their double stings.
 "Choler adust congeals our blood with fear;
 "Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
 "In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound:
 "With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd:
 "The dominating humour makes the dream."

It will easily be observed how utterly inadequate all these ingenious conjectures are to the accounting for most of the dreams and night-visions produced in the present discourse.

† Mr. Locke, by a fair inference, seems to be of opinion, that some of our dreams are rational and consistent: but whether he was of opinion that any of them are monitory and significant he does not say. See his Essay, b. 2. ch. 1. Sect. 16 and 17.

† See Chamber's Cyclopædia, by Reeves, art. Dreams.

Now, we may here observe, it has been the opinion of all ranks and denominations of men, in all ages and nations; among Heathens, Jews, Mahometans and Christians, that God doth make known his will upon some occasions in this manner. The holy scriptures always take it for granted, and indeed give us abundance of instances of such manifestations. Neither are other writings, whether ancient or modern, wanting in similar well-attested relations. We will produce a few of each of these kinds.

1. The first we meet with in the bible, is in the 15th. chapter of Genesis, where we are told God appeared unto Abraham, and acquainted him with the captivity and deliverance of his posterity.

2. In the twentieth chapter, we are also informed, that Abimelech, king of Gerar, had a dream, wherein God made known unto him, that Sarah was the wife of Abraham.

3. In the twenty sixth chapter it is said, the Lord appeared unto Isaac by night, and blessed him.

4. In the twenty eighth chapter is recorded a very remarkable mysterious dream, that Jacob had of a ladder, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.

5. In the thirty first chapter we find the angel of the Lord spake unto Jacob in a dream, and shewed him the reason of Laban's cattle bearing ring-straked, speckled, and grissled young.

6. In the same chapter it is related, that God spake unto Laban by night in a dream.

7. In

7. In the thirty seventh chapter, we have two prophetic dreams of Joseph; the one about the sheaves making obeisance to his sheaf, and the other about the sun, moon, and eleven stars doing him honour.

8. In the fortieth chapter we have two other significant and prophetic dreams; the one by the chief butler, and the other by the chief baker of Pharaoh.

9. In the next chapter of the same book it is related that king Pharaoh himself had too expressive and prophetic dreams, both which, as well as the two former, Joseph truly interpreted.

10. There is another singular one recorded in the seventh chapter of the book of Judges, about a cake of barley bread, which tumbled into the host of Midian, and which was interpreted to be the sword of Gideon. After this interpretation Gideon was encouraged to attack the enemy, and obtained a complete victory.

11. In the third chapter of 1 Kings it is said, that the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream, and held a conversation with him. It is a very instructive one, and therefore I will produce it at length.

In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David, my father, great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and in righteousness, and

in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant king in stead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And thy servant is in the midst of thy people, which thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore thy servant an understanding heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself understanding to discern judgment; behold, I have done according to thy words. lo, I have given thee a wise and an understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour: so that there shall not be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and, behold, it was a dream: and he came to Jerusalem, and stood before the ark of the covenant of the Lord,

and offered up burnt offerings, and peace offerings, and made a feast to all his servants.

12. The dreams of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, are very remarkable, and involve the history of the world. Those of Daniel too are much of the same kind, and contain a figurative view of the state of mankind to the end of time, and the dissolution of all things.

Several other dreams and night-visions are recorded both in the Old Testament, and in the Apocryphal books, highly worthy the attention of the curious; but as the volume in which they are contained is in every person's hand, and lest I should appear too tedious in multiplying quotations, we will pass on to those in the New Testament.

13. When our Saviour was about to be born there were several notices conveyed to the mind of Joseph, his reputed father, in the same supernatural manner. Yea, in the two first chapters of St. Matthew's gospel there are no less than five admonitory dreams recorded.

14. I do not know if our Saviour's temptation in the wilderness was not of the dream, or vision kind: for, if we read it considerately, we shall see, that there are some circumstances in it, that cannot easily be accounted for on any other principle.

15. The dream of Pilate's wife appears evidently to have been supernatural and admonitory.

16. In

16. In the eighteenth chapter of Acts we have a relation of a vision that St. Paul had, saying, *Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee, to hurt thee; for I have much people in this city.*

17. And again in the twenty seventh chapter there is one similar: *There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.*

These relations are all recorded in the holy scriptures. Several of them have been attended with the most important consequences in the history of mankind: and they are all so interwoven with the sacred story, that they cannot be rejected without shaking the credit of the whole book wherein they are found. But the truth of holy scripture is established upon such an immovable foundation, that it can never be subverted, but upon principles that would overturn the faith of all history. Before we can commence infidels, therefore, with respect to these parts of the bible, which record the divine interpositions by dreams* and night-visions, we

B 2

must

* Dr. Jortin, than whom there are few more capable of forming a true judgment, observes, that, "setting aside several sorts of divination, as extremely suspicious, there remain predictions by dreams, and by sudden impulses upon persons who were not of the fraternity of impostors; these were allowed to be sometimes preternatural by many of the learned Pagans, and cannot, I think, be disproved, and should not be totally rejected."

Remarks upon Ecclesiastical History, vol. i. p. 81.

must be prepared to reject the whole system of revelation. For the credit of the former stands or falls with that of the latter.

II. But, secondly, these views of dreams and night-visions are by no means confined to the holy writings. We have several similar ones upon record in the works of some of the most learned of the Heathen. Homer, in particular, expressly tells us, in the beginning of his immortal poem called the *Iliad*, that "dreams descend from Jove." And he gives us a fine example of one in the beginning of the second book. Mr. Pope translates it in the following manner:

- 18 " Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye,
 " Stretch'd in the tents the Grecian leaders lie,
 " Th' immortals slumber'd on their thrones above;
 " All, but the ever-watchful eyes of Jove.
 " To honour Thetis' son he bent his care,
 " And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war:
 " Then bids an empty phantom rise to fight,
 " And thus commands the vision of the night:
 " Fly hence, deluding dream! and light as air,
 " To Agamemnon's ample tent repair.
 " Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattl'd train,
 " Lead all his Grecians to the dusty plain.
 " Declare, ev'n now 'tis given him to destroy
 " The lofty tow'rs of wide extended Troy.
 " For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
 " At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
 " Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
 " And nodding Ilion waits the impending fall.

Swift

" Swift as the word the vain illusion fled,
 " Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head;
 " Cloath'd in the figure of the Pylian sage,
 " Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
 " Around his temples spreads his golden wing,
 " And thus the flatt'ring dream deceives the king.
 " Canst thou, with all a monarch's care oppress,
 " Oh Atreus' son! canst thou indulge thy rest?
 " Ill fits a chief who mighty nations guides,
 " Directs in council, and in war presides,
 " To whom its safety a whole people owes
 " To waste long nights in indolent repose.
 " Monarch, awake! 'tis Jove's command I bear,
 " Thou, and thy glory, claim his heav'nly care,
 " In just array draw forth th' embattl'd train,
 " Lead all thy Grecians to the dusty plain;
 " Ev'n now, O king! 'tis giv'n thee to destroy
 " The lofty tow'rs of wide extended Troy.
 " For now no more the Gods with fate contend,
 " At Juno's suit the heav'nly factions end.
 " Destruction hangs o'er yon devoted wall,
 " And nodding Ilion waits th' impending fall.
 " Awake, but waking this advice approve,
 " And trust the vision that descends from Jove.
 " The phantom said; then vanish'd from his sight,
 " Resolves to air, and mixes with the night."

19. Similar to this, in some respects, is that remarkable vision, which is recorded in the twenty second chapter of the first book of Kings: *And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Abab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before the Lord, and said,*

B 3

I will

I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil concerning thee.

As Homer's night-vision will probably be considered as no more than a poetical fiction, a few similar instances from the Pagan historians and others may not be unacceptable.

20. The night before the murder of Julius Cæsar, as he was in bed with his wife, we are told, all the doors and windows of the chamber where he lay flew open on a sudden. He was startled at the noise, and at the light which broke into the room, and by the moon-shine perceived Calpurnia fast asleep, but heard her utter in a dream some indistinct words and inarticulate groans. She fancied at that time she was weeping over Cæsar, and holding him butchered in her arms. When it was day, she begged of Cæsar, if it were possible, not to stir out; and, if he slighted her dreams, at least to consult his fate by sacrifices, and other kinds of divination. Nor was he himself without some suspicion and fear; for he never before discovered in Calpurnia any womanish superstition, though he now saw her under such terrible apprehensions.—He went abroad, however, that day, and was stabbed with twenty three wounds in the senate house by some of his most intimate friends.

21. The

21. The night vision of Brutus is well known. He being to pass his army from Abydos to the opposite continent, laid himself down one night, as he used to do, in his tent: he was not asleep, but thinking of his affairs, and the event of the war; for he was naturally of a watchful constitution, and no general ever required so little sleep. He thought he heard a noise at the door of his tent; and looking that way, by the light of his lamp, which was almost extinguished, he saw a terrible figure, like that of a man, but of an extraordinary bulk and grim countenance. He was somewhat frightened at first, but seeing it neither did nor spoke any thing to him, but only stood silently by his bedside, he asked it at last, Who it was. The spectre answered him, I am thy evil genius, Brutus, and thou shalt see me at Philippi. Brutus answered very courageously, Well, I will see thee there. And immediately the apparition vanished. When the time was come, he drew up his army near Philippi against Antony and Cesar, and in the first battle got the day, routed the enemy, and plundered Cesar's camp. The night before the second battle, the same spectre appeared to him again, but spoke not a word. He presently understood his death was near, and exposed himself to all the danger of the battle; yet he did not die in the fight; but seeing his men defeated, he got up to the top of a rock, and there presenting his sword to his

naked breast, and being assisted, as they say, by a friend, who helped him to give the thrust, died upon the spot. ⁴

22. The emperor Marcus Antoninus in the first chapter of his Commentaries professeth, that he owed it to the gods that certain remedies were suggested to him in dreams, and among the rest, that against spitting of blood and giddiness of the head; as happened to him at Gaeta.

23. Soranus tells us that Hippocrates, the father of physic and prince of physicians, was divinely admonished in a dream, to go and settle in Thes-saly. ⁵

24. Galen, after Hippocrates, prince of the Greek physicians, chose physic for his profession, being determined thereto by a dream which his father had a little before his death. ⁶

25. Dion Cassius informs us that he was divinely commanded in his sleep to write his history of the Romans. ⁷

26. Pliny writes, that the cures of many diseases, unknown before, had been discovered in dreams. ⁸

27. St. Austin tells us, that one Praestantius desired a solution of a doubt from a philosopher, which he refused to give him. The night following Praestantius being awake saw this philosopher stand by

⁴ See Roman History and Plutarch's Lives.

⁵ Life of Hippocrates.

⁶ See his Life.

⁷ See his History.

⁸ Natural History.

by and solve the doubt, and presently go away. Praestantius meeting him the next day, asked him, Why, having refused to solve the question the day before, he came to him at midnight, of his own accord and solved it? To which the philosopher replied, I came not in reality, but in my dream I seemed to do this to you. *

28. Before the martyrdom of Polycarp he had a vision: the pillow under his head seemed to him on fire: upon which he said prophetically, that he should be burnt alive; which accordingly came to pass three days after. *

29. When Cicero was forced into exile by an opposite faction, while he abode at a village in the fields of Atinas, in his sleep he thought, that while he wandered through desert places, and unknown countries, he met with C. Marius, in all his consular ornaments, and that he asked him, Wherefore his countenance was so sad? and whither he intended that uncertain journey of his? And when he had told him of his misfortune, he took him by the right-hand, and gave him to the next Licitor, with command to lead him into his monument, inso-much as there was reserved for him a more happy fortune, and change of his condition. And it came to pass accordingly. For in the temple of Jupiter, erected by Marius, there it was that the senate passed the decree for the return of Cicero from his exile. *

30. A

* See Beaumont on Spirits.

* Account of his Martyrdom.

* Valerius Maximus.

30. A rich vessel of gold being stolen out of the temple of Hercules, Sophocles was shewed the resemblance and name of the thief in his sleep, which, for the first and second time, he neglected; but, being troubled the third night, he went to the Areopagi, to whom he made known what had passed. They upon no other evidence, summoned the party before them, who, after strict examination, confessed the fact, and made restitution of the vessel.³

31. Cræsus, king of Lydia, had two sons; one of which being dumb, was a perpetual subject of affliction to him; the other, named Atys, distinguished himself by all kinds of good qualities, and was his great consolation and delight. The father dreamed one night, which made a great impression upon his mind, that this beloved son of his was to perish by iron. Upon this, care is taken to remove out of the young prince's way every thing made of iron. No mention is made of armies, wars, or sieges, before him. But one day there was to be an extraordinary hunting match, for the killing of a wild boar, which had committed great ravage in the neighbourhood. All the young lords of the court were to be at this hunting. Atys very earnestly importuned his father, that he would give him leave to be present, at least as a spectator. The king could not refuse him that request, but let him go under the care of a discreet young prince, who
had

³ Heywood's Hierarch.

had taken refuge in his court, and was named Adraftus. And this very Adraftus, as he was aiming to fling his javelin at the boar, unfortunately killed Arys. And so the dream of his father was accomplished, notwithstanding all his precaution.*

32. When Socrates was in prison, Crito went to pay him an early visit, and told him, he was informed by persons come from sea, that the ship from Delos would return that day, the consequence of which was, that Socrates should be put to death on the morrow. Be it so, said Socrates, if it please the gods: yet, I think, the ship will not be here to-day, but to-morrow. Why so, dear friend? said Crito. Because this night, replied Socrates, a woman of a beautiful and majestic form, clothed in a white robe, appeared to me in a dream, and calling me by my name, said, The third day shall land thee safe at fruitful Phthia. They are the words of Achilles in Homer, when he proposed to return home. Socrates took it for a prediction of his death, because he judged, that to die was to go home to his own country. And his dream was accomplished.†

The next is singularly remarkable, and as well authenticated as any thing of the kind is well capable of being. I will give it in the words of Rollin.

33. When Alexander laid siege to Tyre, the Samaritans sent him a considerable body of troops; whereas

* Herodotus.

† Plato's Crito.

whereas the Jews thought they could not submit themselves to him, so long as Darius, to whom they had taken an oath of allegiance, should be living.

Alexander, being little used to such an answer, particularly since he had obtained so many victories, and thinking that all things ought to bow to him, resolved, the instant he had conquered Tyre, to march against the Jews, and punish their disobedience as rigorously as he had done that of the Tyrians.

In this imminent danger, Jaddus, the high-priest, who governed under the Persians, seeing himself exposed, with all the inhabitants, to the wrath of the conqueror, had recourse to the protection of the Almighty, and gave orders for the offering up public prayers to implore his assistance, and made sacrifices. The night after, God appeared to him in a dream, and bid him to cause flowers to be scattered up and down the city; to set open all the gates, and go, cloathed in his pontifical robes, with all the priests dressed also in their vestments, and all the rest cloathed in white, and meet Alexander, and not fear any evil from that king, inasmuch as he would protect them. This command was punctually obeyed; and accordingly this august procession, the very day after, marched out of the city to an eminence called Shapha, whence there was a view of all the plain, as well as of the temple and city of Jerusalem

Jerusalem. Here the whole procession waited the arrival of Alexander.

The Syrians and Phenicians who were in his army, were persuaded that the wrath of this prince was so great, that he would certainly punish the high-priest after an exemplary manner, and destroy that city in the same manner as he had done Tyre; and, flushed with joy upon that account, they waited in expectation of glutting their eyes with the calamities of a people, to whom they bore a mortal hatred.

As soon as the Jews heard of the king's approach, they set out to meet him with all the pomp before described. Alexander was struck at the sight of the high-priest, in whose mitre and forehead a golden plate was fixed, on which the name of God was written. The moment the king perceived the high-priest, he advanced towards him with an air of the most profound respect; bowed his body, adored the august name above-mentioned, and saluted him who wore it with a religious veneration. Then the Jews, surrounding Alexander, raised their voices to wish him every kind of prosperity. All the spectators were seized with inexpressible surprize; they could scarce believe their eyes; and did not know how to account for a sight, so contrary to their expectation and so vastly improbable.

Parmenio

Parmenio, who could not yet recover from his astonishment, asked the king how it came to pass that he, who was adored by every one, adored the high-priest. I do not, replied Alexander, adore the high-priest, but the God whose minister he is; for whilst I was at Dios in Macedonia (my mind wholly fixed on the great design of the Persian war,) as I was revolving the methods how to conquer Asia, this very man, dressed in the same robes, appeared to me in a dream; exhorted me to banish every fear, bid me cross the Hellespont boldly; and assured me, that God would march at the head of my army, and give me victory over that of the Persians.

Alexander added, that the instant he saw this priest, he knew him, by his habit, his stature, his air, and his face, to be the same person whom he had seen at Dios; that he was firmly persuaded, it was by the command, and under the immediate conduct of heaven, that he had undertaken this war; that he was sure he should overcome Darius hereafter, and destroy the empire of the Persians; and that this was the reason why he adored this God in the person of his priest. Alexander, after having thus answered Parmenio, embraced the high-priest, and all his brethren; then walking in the midst of them, he arrived at Jerusalem, where he offered sacrifices to God, in the temple,

after

after the manner prescribed to him by the high-priest. *

• 34. Two Arcadians of intimate acquaintance lodged at Mægara, one at a friend's house the other at an inn. He that lodged with his friend, saw in his sleep, his companion supplicating his host not to kill him; and heard his voice begging him to come to his assistance. Suddenly awaking, he started from his bed, and was hastily running out of the room; but recollecting his senses, he found he had only been in a dream; he therefore returned to his bed, and composed himself again to sleep. His friend again appeared to him with several wounds in his body, and said, Since you would not prevent my murder, yet I conjure you to revenge it. My host has killed me, and has laid my body at the bottom of a dung cart, and is now carrying it out at the west gate of the city. The man at this suddenly awaked again, and putting on his clothes, ran hastily to the western gate, where he overtook the cart, and, under a heap of dung, found the mangled body of his murdered friend. The innkeeper was seized, and suffered the punishment he so well deserved.

Thus we see that dreams and night-visions have been common in all former ages and among all
ancient

* Ancient History, vol. 6.

Turner 49. Valer. Max. 1. c. 7. Dr. More Immort. of the soul. 1. 2. c. 16.

ancient people; and, that they have sometimes been very important and instructive is clear, beyond all manner of doubt, to every person who will give credit to history, whether sacred or profane. Hesiod has delivered the doctrine of guardian angels, from whom, possibly, many of our supernatural impressions proceed, in a very distinct manner. And he lived, it is supposed, near a thousand years before our Saviour:

“ Exactly mark, ye rulers of mankind,
 “ The ways of truth, nor be to justice blind;
 “ Consider, all ye do, and all ye say
 “ The holy dæmons to their God convey,
 “ Aerial spirits, by great Jove design’d
 “ To be on earth the guardians of mankind,
 “ Invisible to mortal eyes they go,
 “ And mark our actions, good, or bad, below;
 “ Th’ immortal spies with watchful care preside,
 “ And thrice ten thousand round their charges glide.
 “ They can reward with glory, or with gold,
 “ A pow’r they by divine permission hold.”

How this old Bard should come by these sentiments I cannot conceive, unless he had read the story of Elisha and the Syrians in the second book of Kings, where it is said, *the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.*

Be this as it may, Homer, we have seen already, is full of the same sentiments, as well as the Old and New Testament. And our great countryman Milton, in his immortal poem called *Paradise Lost*,

Loft, doubtless had his eye on this part of Hesiod, where he says:

“ Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth

“ Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep”.

And that he was of the same opinion with us concerning dreams, is, I think, pretty evident from his representing Eve, the mother of mankind, while in a state of innocence, as being disturbed with monitory impressions upon her mind, when under the dominion of sleep:

34. “ O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
“ My glory, my perfection, glad I see
“ Thy face, and morn return’d; for I this night
“ (Such night till this I never pass’d) have dream’d,
“ If dream’d, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
“ Works of day past, or morrow’s next design;
“ But of offence and trouble, which my mind
“ Knew never till this irksome night:—
—————“ O how glad I wak’d,
“ To find this but a dream!”¹

He has also given us another beautiful specimen of the pleasing and innocent kind of dream in his *Paradise Regained*, which, he supposes, our blessed Saviour had, when he was in the wilderness tempted of the devil:

35. “ Where will this end? four times ten days I’ve pass’d
“ Wand’ring this woody maze, and human food
C “ Nor

¹ See the whole dream, *Paradise Lost*, b. 5. l. 28—93.

" Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 " To virtue I impute not, or count part
 " Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,
 " Or God support nature without repast
 " Though needing, what praise is it to endure?
 " But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 " Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God
 " Can satisfy that need some other way,
 " Though hunger still remain: so it remain
 " Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 " And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
 " Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed
 " Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.
 " It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 " Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down
 " Under the hospitable covert nigh
 " Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,
 " And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,
 " Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet;
 " Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood
 " And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 " Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,
 " Though ravenous, taught t'abstain from what they
 " He saw the prophet also how he fled [brought:
 " Into the desert, and how there he slept
 " Under a juniper; then how awak'd,
 " He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
 " And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 " And eat the second time after repose,
 " The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;
 " Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 " Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 " Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark
 " Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry

" The

- “ The morn’s approach, and greet her with his song:
 “ As lightly from his grassy couch up rose
 “ Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream.
 “ Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak’d.”

3. But, thirdly, such things happened in old times, we are ready to say, or else the people were formerly more superstitious and easy of belief; but now it is not so; times are changed; mankind are more enlightened and more liberal, and superstition flies before learning and knowledge as darkness before the rising sun.—All this is in a good degree true; but yet God is just what he was in any former period, and man also is exactly the same as of old, both in his nature, and active powers. Matters of fact also are no more to be set aside by folly and incredulity now, than in ancient times. Besides, scripture being judge, dreams and night-visions were so far from being to cease under the Christian dispensation, that they were to be more generally and abundantly given under the œconomy of the gospel, than they had ever been in former ages. *It shall come to pass afterwards, says God, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions.*¹ These words of the prophet Joel are expressly applied to the gospel times by an authority that cannot be questioned: *Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell*

C 2

at

¹ Joel 2. 28.

at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words: for these are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day: but this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy.²

Here we may observe the prophecy is expressly applied by St. Peter to the times under the gospel; and no other part of the holy scripture, that I recollect, revokes the grant, either directly or indirectly. I conclude, therefore, as a believer of the bible, that God doth still, upon proper occasions, make known his will to his creatures by dreams and visions of the night. If I believe my bible I must believe this. They stand or fall together.³ I, for my part, never had

² Acts 2. 16—21.

³ “That several divinations by dreams have been made” says the elegant Mr. Addison again, “none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned. The matter of fact is, I think, incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.”

Spectator, No. 487.

had any dreams or night visions, which I could fairly consider as supernatural, and which implied the agency of separate spirits upon the imagination: but I have known those who have, and whose veracity I could no more call in question than my own existence. Several likewise we have on record, which have happened in these latter days, that are extremely remarkable, and by no means to be accounted for upon the common principles of nature.* A few of each of these I will now relate, that we may all learn this useful lesson, which we are sometimes apt to forget—God is *the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.*

36. The story of the Duke of Buckingham is well known. I will relate it in the words of Lord Clarendon.

1. There were many stories scattered abroad at that time, says his Lordship, of several prophecies, and predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent death. Amongst the rest there was one, which was upon a better foundation of credit, than usually

C 3

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* The apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave, which is frequently printed before Drelincourt's book on Death, is very remarkable, and as strongly attested as any thing of the kind is well capable of being. But this was neither a dream nor a night-vision, and therefore does not properly come within the design of this discourse. We may observe, however, with Dr. Assigny, the translator of that very useful and popular book, that "to reject all narratives of this kind as fictitious, argues as great an error, weakness and prejudice, as to believe all that is reported of apparitions."

such discourses are founded upon. There was an Officer in the King's wardrobe in Windsor castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about fifty years or more: this man had, in his youth, been bred in a school, in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke, lived; and had been much cherished and obliged, in that season of his age, by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in his bed, at Windsor, where his office was, and in a very good health, there appeared to him on the side of his bed a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him. The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time, whether he remembered him? and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he used to wear, in which at that time he seemed to be habited, he answered him, that he thought him to be that person. He replied he was in the right; that he was the same, and that he expected a service from him; which was, that he should go from him to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or, at least, to abate the extreme malice they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time,

time. After this discourse he disappeared; and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again in the same place and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before; and asked him, whether he had done as he had required him? and, perceiving he had not, gave him very severe reprehensions; told him, he expected more compliance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands, he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should be always pursued by him: upon which, he promised him to obey him. But the next morning waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed: and considered, that he was a person at such a distance from the Duke, that he knew not how to find any admission to his presence; much less had any hope to be believed in what he should say. So with great trouble and unquietness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same person appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had by this time recovered
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the courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the Duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he could obtain admision to him, he should never be able to persuade him, that he was sent in such a manner; but he should, at best, be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed, by his own or the malice of other men, to abuse the Duke; and so he should be sure to be undone. The person replied, as he had done before, that he should perform what he required; and therefore he were better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy; and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living, but to the Duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them, but he would believe all the rest he should say: and so repeating his threats he left him.

In the morning, the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London; where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the Masters of Requests, who had married a lady that was nearly allied to the Duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went; and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he said enough to him

him to let him see there was something extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety, and discretion of the man, made the more impression in him. He desired that, by his means he might be brought to the Duke; to such a place, and in such a manner, as should be thought fit: affirming, that he had much to say to him; and of such a nature, as would require much privacy, and some time and patience. Sir Ralph promised he would speak first with the Duke of him, and then he should understand his pleasure: and accordingly, in the first opportunity, he did inform him of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter.

The Duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the King; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk, and speak with him, as long as should be necessary. Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the Duke at his landing, who received him courteously; and walked aside in conference near an hour, none but his own servants being at that hour in that place; and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the Duke sometimes spoke, and with great commotion; which Sir Ralph the more easily observed

observed, and perceived, because he kept his eyes always upon the Duke; having procured the conference, upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary. And the man told him in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars which were to gain him credit, the substance whereof he said he durst not impart to him, the Duke changed colour, and he swore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were known only to himself, and to one person more, who, he was sure, would never speak of it.

The Duke pursued his purpose of hunting; but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon, and before the morning was spent, left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in Whitehall; with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours; the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms: and when the Duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger; a countenance that was never before observed in him, in any conversation with her, towards whom he had a profound reverence. And the Countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham, shortly after her son had first assumed that title)

title) was, at the Duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable. Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the Duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surpris'd; but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow, as was expected from such a mother, for the loss of such a son.¹

The two following instances are taken from the little book by Henry Fielding, Esq. entitled, "Examples of the Interposition of Providence in the Detection and Punishment of Murder," and are both more or less to our present purpose.

37. In the reign of king James I. one Ann Waters, having an unlawful and wanton intercourse with a young man in the neighbourhood; and finding her husband some embarrassment to their wicked pleasures, determin'd to put him out of the way: and accordingly one night, assisted by her paramour, she strangled her husband, and they buried his body under a dunghill in the cowhouse. The man was missing, and his wife made such a lamentation about him, that the people greatly pitied her, and gave her all the assistance in their power in searching for her husband. But as she knew where she had laid him, she

¹ History of the Rebellion, vol. 1. p. 42.

she took care to direct their search, far from the place where her barbarity would have been discovered.

After the search was at an end, and it was imagined the man might be gone away for debt, without acquainting his wife with his intentions; a woman in the neighbourhood dreamt, that a stranger told her, that Ann Waters had strangled her husband, and had hid him under the dunghill. She at first disregarded the dream, but it being repeated several nights, it began publicly to be talked of; and at length they got authority to search the dunghill, where the dead body was found; and other concurring circumstances appearing, the wife was apprehended and convicted of the murder, which before her execution she confessed, and impeached the young fellow her accomplice. He, on her being apprehended, immediately fled, but was pursued and taken, and on his own confession was also executed for the murder. Ann Waters was burnt, and her paramour was hanged in chains.²

38. In the year 1690 a man in Ireland dreamt that he was riding out with a relation of his, who lived at Amesbury in Wiltshire on the Downs near that town; and that his relation was robbed and murdered by two men, whose persons and dress he perfectly remembered. His dream was so strong,
that

² Turner 29. Wanley's Wonders, &c. book 1. ch. 41. Baker's Chron. p. 614.

that he wrote to his cousin at Amesbury, begging him not to ride late, and then related the dream he had had concerning him. The man received the letter, but laughed at the caution: and the next night on the very spot therein mentioned, he was both robbed and murdered. His wife extremely afflicted for his loss, shewed this letter to her friends; and, from the exact description of the murderers, they were taken up, separately confined, and by their equivocal and contradictory answers, some of the murdered man's things being also found upon them, they were convicted, and hanged in chains on the spot where the murder was committed.¹

39. Monsieur Calignan, chancellor of Navarre, was esteemed a man of singular virtue. Being at Berne, one night as he lay asleep, he heard a voice which called him by his name, Calignan! Awakening, and hearing no more of it, he imagined it was only a dream, and fell asleep again. A little after he heard the same voice, calling him in the same manner. This made a greater impression on him than the former; so that being awaked, he called his wife, who was with him, and told her what had happened. They both lay waking for some time expecting to hear it a third time. At length they went to sleep together, when the voice awaked him again, calling him by his name, and advising him to retire immediately out of the town, and to remove his

¹ Turner, p. 54.

his family, for that the plague would rage horribly in that place within a few days. He followed the direction, and, within a few days after, the plague began in the town, and destroyed a great number of people.²

40. When the celebrated Dr. Harvey, being a young man, went to travel towards Padua, he went to Dover, with several others, and shewed his pass, as the rest did, to the Governour there. The Governour told him, that he must not go, but he must keep him prisoner. The Doctor desired to know for what reason, and what he had done amiss. He said it was his will to have it so. The packet boat hoisted sail in the evening, which was very clear, and the Doctor's companions in it. A terrible storm ensued, and the packet boat, with all the passengers, were cast away. The next day the melancholy news was brought to Dover. The Governour was a total stranger to Dr. Harvey, but by name and face; only the night before, he had a perfect vision, in a dream, of Dr. Harvey, who came to pass over to Calais; and an order to stop him. This the Governour told the Doctor the next day, and the Doctor told the story again to several of his friends in London.³

41. Dr. Donne and his wife lived for some time in London with Sir Robert Drury. Sir Robert, having occasion to go to Paris, took the Doctor, along

² Beaumont on Spirits. ³ Ibid.

along with him, whose wife was left big with child at Sir Robert's house. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Dr. Donne was left alone in the room where Sir Robert and he, and some other friends had dined together. Sir Robert returned in half an hour, and as he had left, so he found the Doctor alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered in his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold. He enquired the cause; and after some time the Doctor told him he had seen a dreadful vision. I have seen, says he, my dear wife pass twice by me, through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. A messenger was immediately dispatched to England, to enquire after Mrs. Donne, and it appeared, that she had been brought to bed of a dead child, after a long and dangerous labour, about the very hour that Dr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber at Paris.*

42. Sir Charles Lee, about the year 1662, had a daughter by his first wife, who was upon the point of being married to Sir William Perkins, but was prevented by death. One night, after she was in bed, she thought she saw a light, and knocked for her maid. She asked why she left a candle burning in her chamber. The maid said she had left none, neither was there any fire. The young lady therefore concluded it was a dream, and composed herself

* Walton's Life of Dr. Donne.

self to sleep again. About two o'clock she was awaked again, and saw the apparition of a little woman, who told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve o'clock that day she would be with her. She immediately knocked again for her maid, got up, dressed herself, wrote to her father who was absent, and made all things ready for her departure out of the world. Lady Everard, her aunt, who was in the house with her, thought she was gone off her mind, and sent immediately to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon. They came, but could discover no traces of a disordered imagination. They let her blood, however, and used such other means as they thought proper: which, when they had done, she desired the chaplain might be called to pray with her. When prayers were ended she took her gittar and psalm book, sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously, that her music-master, and all who heard her, wondered greatly. When twelve o'clock drew near she arose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently, fetching a strong breathing or two, she instantly expired. She died at Waltham in Essex, about three miles from Chelmsford.

43. Major Sydenham and Captain Dyke had frequent disputes together concerning the Being of God and the immortality of the soul. Not being able

^s View of the Invisible World.

able to settle their opinions on these subjects they agreed together, that whether ever died first should appear to the other at such a time and place. The Major happened to be called first. The Captain accordingly attended at the time and place appointed; but no Major appeared. About six weeks after, however, the Major came to him when he was in bed, and cried, Cap! Cap! which was the term of familiarity the Major used to call the Captain by when he was living. The Captain replied, What, my Major? To which he returned, I could not come at the time appointed, but I am now come to tell you, that there is a God, and a very just and terrible one; and if you do not turn over a new leaf, you will find it so.—The Captain lived about two years afterwards, was very much affected with the appearance of his friend, and continued to affirm the truth of it to his dying day.

44. Thomas Wotton, Esq. a little before his death, dreamt that the university of Oxford was robbed by five men. He wrote to his son, who was then in Oxford, and told him the particulars of his dream. The university was robbed accordingly, the very night before the letter came to his son's hands. As soon as morning arrived there was a great noise concerning the robbery. Whereupon the young man shewed his letter to the persons con-

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cerned

Life of St. Henry Wotton.
Ibid.
Cambridge's Life of Melton.
Ibid.

cerned, and all the five men were taken up and found guilty.²

45. William Neffenus, on a certain day after dinner, in a gentle sleep he had, dreamt that he was passing a river in a fisher's boat, as he frequently did for his diversion, and that the boat, striking on the trunk of a tree, was overturned, and he was drowned. This dream he told to Philip Melancthon, who then accidentally came to see him, at the same time deriding the vanity of dreams. But, however, that very evening his dream had its accomplishment.³

46. A certain foldier at Genoa dreamt one night he was devoured by a serpent. A tumult arising in the city soon after, he was killed by the ball of a cannon, which is usually called a Serpent.⁴

47. An ingenious young man, scholar to Alexander of Alexandria, saw in his sleep his mother carried to be buried; whereupon he fell into great sighs and lamentations. Being overheard, he was awaked, and asked the cause of his uneasiness? He answered, His mother was dead, and he saw her carrying to be buried. Alexander observed the day and time the dream or vision happened. A little after a messenger came with the news of the mother's death. And upon enquiry it appeared she died the same day the vision was seen.⁵

48. Johannes

² Life of Sir Henry Wotton.

³ Camerarius's Life of Melancthon.

⁴ Beaumont on Spirits.

⁵ Ibid.

48. Johannes Maria Maurosenus, a senator of Venice, while he was prætor in Dalmatia, saw in his dream one of his brothers, whom he much loved, come to embrace him, and bid him farewell, because he was going to the other world. And having, as he thought, followed him a little way weeping, he awaked all in tears, and was in great fear for his brother at Venice. On the third day letters were brought him from home, acquainting him that his brother died on that night, and about the hour he had had his dream. This he frequently told with tears in his eyes.⁶

49. In the year 1610, Peireskius returning from Montpelier to Nismes with one James Rainer, a citizen of Aix, they slept together at an inn on the road. As Peireskius slept Rainer observed that he muttered something to himself in an unusual manner. He awaked him, and asked him what was the matter? O, said Peireskius, from what a pleasant dream have you roused me? I was dreaming, said he, that I was at Nismes, and that a goldsmith offered me a golden medal of Julius Cesar for four crowns, and I was just paying him his money for it when you disturbed me. They went on to Nismes, and while dinner was preparing Peireskius took a walk into the city; where lighting by chance on a goldsmith's shop, he asked the master of it, whether he had any curiosity to shew him? He told him he had

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⁶ Ibid

a Julius Cefar of gold. He asked him the price. He replied, Four crowns. He paid him the money, and his dream was fulfilled in every particular.⁷

50. In the year 1695 one John Stockden, of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, in London, was robbed and murdered. Soon after which the said Stockden appeared several times to one of his old neighbours named Elizabeth Greenwood in her dreams, and laid open to her the whole business; in consequence of which the murderers were taken, confessed the fact, and were executed. And again after the murderers were taken Mrs. Greenwood dreamt that Stockden came to her in the street, and said, Elizabeth, I thank thee; the God of heaven reward thee for what thou hast done.—This business made a great noise at the time, and is attested by the Bishop of Gloucester, the Dean of York, the Master of the Charterhouse, and Dr. Allix, who had the particulars from Mrs. Greenwood. A fuller account may be seen in Beaumont on Spirits.

51. Marcus Antoninus Flaminius being at Genoa, and somewhat indisposed in his health, borrowed a book of a friend to divert himself. After some days he happened to leave it on a couch with some other books, when it was lost, and could no where be found. In the night following he saw one of the maid

⁷ Gassendus's Life of Peirefkius.

maid servants of the house in a dream take the book from the couch, and as she was laying it on a table, the book happened to fall upon the ground, and was injured. He saw moreover the maid hiding it in a secret place for fear. Flaminius rising in the morning, and remembering his dream, sought for the book, and found it in the place where he had seen it put by the servant in his dream. He then charged the girl with what was done, and she confessed that every thing was done by her as he had seen in his sleep.*

52. Gesner dreamt one night that he was bit by a serpent, and the next morning said he should be seized with a pestilential carbuncle. A few days after a carbuncle appeared in his left breast, and in five days he died.⁹

53. The wife of one of the chief members of the parliament of Provence in France dreamt one night that her husband was executed. When she awoke she found one of her hands so stiff with the fright, that she was not able to bend it; and in it was the image of her husband depicted with his head cut off, all besmeared with blood.—Her husband was beheaded at the city of Paris in the manner she had seen in her dream.¹⁰

54. A certain Physician in America was miserably disturbed with dreams of his being drowned for three nights together. On the third of these nights

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* Beaumont on Spirits.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

his dreams were so troublesome, that he was cast into extreme sweats by struggling under the imaginary waters. With the sweats yet upon him he came down from his chamber, telling the people of the family what it was that had so discomposed him. Soon after there came in two friends, that asked him to go a little way with them in a boat upon the water. He was at first afraid of gratifying them in it, but being very calm weather, he recollected himself, and thought, Why should I mind my dreams, or distrust Divine Providence? He went with them, and before night, by a thunder storm suddenly coming on, they were all three drowned.*

55. Doctor Pitcairne is said never to have related the following story without some emotion of mind. His friend Mr. Lindsey upon reading with the Doctor, when very young, the known story of the two Platonic philosophers, who promised to one another, that whoever died first, should return a visit to his surviving companion, entered into the same engagement with him. Some years after, the Doctor, at his father's house in Fife, dreamt one morning, that
Lindsey,

* Cotton Mather, in his *Ecclesiastical History of New England*, asserts this of his own knowledge.

Grotius also gives us an instance of a very curious monitory dream in the 405th. of his epistles. It may be seen at large in Jortin's *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*, vol. I. page 79, and vol. II. p. 117.—Jortin calls it a well attested story.

See likewise in the same entertaining work, vol. I. p. 249, a curious account of the visions and dreams of Price Evans. "They are, at least, a curiosity deserving to be known," as Jortin observes, "but not a foundation to build any thing upon."

Lindsey, who was then at Paris, came to him and told him, that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but still alive, and lived in a very agreeable place, to which he could not as yet carry him. By the course of the post news came of Lindsey's death, which happened exceeding suddenly, the very morn-
in of the dream.²

56. Colonel Gardiner having made an assignation with a woman of easy virtue to meet her at twelve o'clock on a certain sabbath-day, left the company with whom he past the evening about eleven. Retiring to his room to spend the intermediate hour, he took up a book and began to read. While he was reading, an unusual blaze of light seemed to fall on the book, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle. But, lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory, while a voice seemed to say, Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns!

From that time he became as eminent a saint, as before he had been a sinner!³

57. Some time ago a Lady dreamt that a frightful figure appeared at the window of her dining room, which was full of company. Upon her en-
quiring

² View of the Invisible World.

³ Doddridge's Memoirs of his Life.

quiring what it was, they told her it was Death. She begged they would keep him out; but he forced his way in, and pointed his dart at her. She prayed very earnestly that he might be kept from her; upon which he answered her, She might put him from her for nine days, but then he should return to her and take no denial. Immediately after, she was translated into heaven, where she saw a great company all singing, and very happy. But as she knew not the tune, nor the words, she was very melancholy. At length she sat down in a corner by herself, when an angel came to her, and asked her why she looked so melancholy, as nothing but happiness was there? She replied, Because she could not join. He then asked her, how she came there? She answered, she did not know. Upon which he opened a door, and let her down into a most dreadful place, which she found to be hell, where she heard such shrieks and cries of the damned, that she awaked.

This was the dream. And it proved that the Lady died on the very day that Death said he would return.*

58. The late Lord L—n as he lay in bed, was awaked out of his sleep, as he himself described it, by a noise not unlike the fluttering of a bird, about the curtains of his bed. On opening his eyes, he saw the appearance of a woman. He was prodigiously

ously shocked, and cried out, What do you want? Why do you disturb me? She answered, I am come to warn you of your dissolution. He replied, What! shall I not live two months? To which she made answer, No, you will die within three days.

His Lordship was greatly agitated in his mind; and told his dream or vision to many of his friends that afternoon in the House of Lords. At length, saturday, which was the third day, came; and though well all the intermediate time, and much in company with his friends, he died a little before twelve that night. All were astonished that hard it; and in spite of the infidelity of the age, every mouth was stopped.*

59. A young man, a tinner in Cornwall, who was very wicked, dreamed one night that he had been long dead; and now heard the trumpet sound to judgment. Fain would he have called to the mountains and rocks to fall on him and hide him from God and the Lamb. While he was thus filled with horror, expecting the sentence, *Depart ye cursed*, to be pronounced upon him; a voice was heard to say, Spare him a little longer. This so overpowered him with joy, that he instantly awoke. The impression was so strong upon his mind for a few days that he made some feeble attempts to reform. But, getting among his drunken, swearing, companions again, he relapsed into his former wicked

* Ibid.

wicked courses, and was cut off in a fever within a month in black despair.^a

60. A common hackney coachman, had a most remarkable dream not long since; which is as follows: He dreamt one saturday evening, that he was out with his coach plying for a fare; and being engaged, had directions given him where to drive. As he was carrying his passengers, he thought he was called to ascend an exceeding steep hill; and when he reached the summit, he found the declivity of the hill still more troublesome. However, with great difficulty he got down, and as he proceeded, he arrived at a pair of great iron gates, wide open. When he had passed them, he found himself in an uncommonly dark and gloomy place, in which were vast crowds of people dressed in mourning, all of whom, by their countenances, seemed to be in a very pensive frame of mind. Hereupon he stopped, and asked one of the persons, what place that was? He answered, It was hell. Hell! (said the coachman) I have had more frightful ideas of hell than this appears to be: if this be hell I shall not be under such fearful apprehensions of hell as formerly. Upon this the person informed him, that hell was not so much outward, as it was inward; and, as a proof of this, he opened his waistcoat and shewed him his heart, which was in a flame of fire. This shocked the coachman to a great degree

^a Ibid.

degree: but the person proceeded to inform him, that his case was not singularly shocking; for all whom he then saw were in the same condition; (and added) if he would accompany him, he should see worse than that. Here the coachman refused; and in great confusion and consternation attempted to return; but, to his surprise, the person, in conjunction with others, caught hold of him, and refused to let him go, except he would promise to come again. After he had used every effort to free himself to no effect, he at last promised, if they would let him go, he would certainly come again at twelve o'clock. Upon this condition they let him depart, and he drove off in haste. When he was got out, he awoke in great horror of mind. He then awoke his wife, and related the whole to her; but she treated it with ridicule, and soon went to sleep again. But the poor man slept no more; and in the morning said, he was afraid he should die and go to hell; and desired his wife to seek for some man to go out with the coach that day, for he could not; and refused to eat or drink any thing. Hereupon his wife took fire, and used him with rough language; and went among her acquaintance, ridiculing his fancy, and said her husband was going to hell at twelve o'clock. This passed on, and the man got worse in his mind, till the clock struck twelve; when his wife damned him, and said, It is twelve o'clock, and you are not yet gone to hell. With
that

that, he replied, Hold your tongue, for I am going; and immediately fell down dead. This the person related to the minister, the Rev. Mr. W: who communicated it to me as certain, and subjoined, that the wife was then almost in a state of distraction.³

The foregoing relations have all been recorded in one publication or another, and most of them several times over. These that follow, I believe, are entirely new, and never yet have made their way into any collection of this kind. They have all, excepting that concerning myself, been related to me by persons upon whose veracity I have every reason to depend. Indeed I have most of them before me in the hand writing of the several persons to whom they relate, and could produce all their names at length, were it expedient so to do.

61. Jane Cotterel of L—— was afflicted with a cancer in her mouth for several years, and was brought very low both in body, mind, and circumstances. Being in an agony of pain one day, while the surgeon was dressing the sore, she cried out in great earnestness—"My good God, look down upon me in mercy, for Christ's sake." The surgeon, being angry, immediately left off dressing the wound, bid her go to the God she called upon, and see if he would help her, for he himself would have nothing more to say to her. The poor, afflicted woman was greatly shocked at his behaviour

³ Ibid.

behaviour, and begged to know what he demanded for his attendance. His demand was exorbitant, and reduced her and her family almost to want. However, at last she paid all he required, and returned home with a light purse and a heavy heart.

Some little time after this the poor woman dreamt three or four nights together, that she saw a man who made a perfect cure of her cancerous complaint. Upon this she greatly importuned her husband to take her to the place where she saw the man. He, thinking it was nothing but a dream, in consequence of her suffering, begged her not to think of going again from home, so ill as she was. Persisting, however, in the thought of going to the place where she saw the man, her husband at last consented. She went, and had not been long at the place before she saw the very person walk into the room that she had seen in her sleep. She immediately started up, thanked God, and running to the man, said, she was rejoiced to see him. The man surprised (having never seen the woman before) asked what she meant? O Sir, said she, you are the person who are to cure my cancer. Good woman, says he, I never cured a cancer in my life. At this reply the poor woman was cast down, and cried out, Then all is over. The man, seeing the woman in such distress, and a deplorable object to look upon, asked the cause of her applying to him.

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She told him all the particulars before related; and added, If you can help me, do. He then bid her be comforted; for he knew of something which had been of use, if she would try it. Any thing Sir, you advise I will most certainly try, said she. He accordingly made her up an application, which she used. And, in a little time, she was quite cured of the cancer, and restored to perfect health. This happened upwards of fifteen years ago. I could mention the surgeon's name who treated her with such inhumanity, if it were expedient. He was a noted deist.

62. Some years ago the Lady of colonel Gale, having lost her husband, was going to Kingston in Jamaica, to administer to his effects. In her way she stopped all night at a friend's house, intending to proceed on her journey the next morning. She accordingly ordered her coachman to be ready to set out at the appointed hour. Mrs. Gale's waiting woman, who accompanied her mistress, dreamt that night, that her master appeared to her, and enquired where her mistress was. The servant told him, that her Lady was going to Kingston, and was now on her journey. The Colonel replied, She must not go, she must return with him, for he was come to fetch her. This the servant told next morning to the family where they were. Soon after this she went into her Lady's room to call her up; but was told by her, that she found herself somewhat

somewhat indisposed, and did not think she should be well enough to proceed on her journey that day. She moreover desired the servant to forbid the carriage being got ready, according to the order given the coachman the night before. When the Lady of the house perceived her friend very feverish and indisposed, the Doctor was called in, but all to no purpose: for the fever increased upon her to such a degree, that she survived little more than a week or ten days.

63. A child, about nine or ten years of age, was sent to Mr. P— a Bank-director from Portugal for its education. A servant woman usually staid by the child till she went to sleep. One night the child waked screaming, My papa is drowned; my papa is drowned! The servant tried to pacify her in vain, and called Mrs. P— into the chamber to the child. But all that could be said or done was to no effect; for the child continued screaming, My papa is drowned!— I saw the boat turn over, and my papa in it!

All the family, both gentlemen and ladies, thought the circumstance so extraordinary, that they made a memorandum of it, and the time it happened, in writing; and the event proved, that the child's father was drowned at that very time. For he with several other gentlemen had dined on board an East India vessel, and staid late in the evening; but having some urgent business to attend early next morning

morning, he hailed a fishing boat to carry him on shore; which boat was overfet, and he was drowned.

64. W—A— sent his eldest son to the East Indies in the rank of a midshipman. When the ship had sailed from London about five months, Mr. A. dreamt that he saw his son thrown over the side of the vessel, and the ship pass over him. He awoke much agitated, and told his wife the dream. She used every argument to invalidate the force of such a chimerical vision, but to no purpose; for he continued strongly prepossessed with a belief that his son was actually dead. The event was, that the young man had died of a fever, and was interred in the waves of the sea, sewed up in a sheet, that very night his father dreamt he saw him thrown over the side of the vessel.

65. Mr. W—t had a brother that married without the approbation of his relations, who are of large property. They were so disoblged with his conduct, that they brake off all intercourse with him. The young man's family soon grew numerous, and their subsistence scant. In this situation he wrote to his oldest brother, and supplicated relief. But Mr. W— was inexorable to his entreaties. One night after this, he dreamt that his brother came to him, and looked thin and shabby, but did not speak. The same thing happened a second, and third time, only with this difference, that the last time the young man had his night cap on, and reproached him

him for his cruelty and neglect, adding, It was now too late, and so left him. This last dream affected Mr. W—t's feelings greatly, and he awaked in vast horror of mind. He instantly rung his bell, and ordered his servant to put the horses to his post carriage without delay. He set out to visit his brother, who lived in a very retired country place. He was met at the door of his brother's poor habitation by one of his children, that conducted him to his brother's room, who lay stretched on a bed in the agonies of death, having on the dirty night cap, and the very dress in which he dreamt he saw him. He died that same day, and his death so deeply affected Mr. W——t that he never recovered his spirits afterwards, though he provided amply for the widow and children.

66. About the year 1774 a considerable number of families went out of Yorkshire to settle in Nova Scotia. Among others was one man, whose name was Brian Kay, that lived near Northallerton. He was possessed of a small property, and a family of several children, some of whom were growing up to be young men and women. The eldest of the daughters had been upon a very intimate footing with a person of the same age, named Polly Smith, who was a near neighbour. When these two girls parted, great was their mutual distress. She that went to Nova Scotia particularly requested from her friend, to let her know how matters stood in Eng-

land; at the same time assuring her, whatever happened to her in Nova Scotia, she would let her know, either one way or another. These were her last words to Polly Smith. Accordingly, Kay and his family set sail from Liverpool. And, some weeks after they were gone, this same Polly Smith had a most afflictive dream or vision concerning her absent friend. It was on the 2d. of June 1774, about one o'clock in the morning. She thought the room where she lay was full of light, and she saw Betty Kay, her friend, standing by the bedside all in white, with her face looking as though she was dead. O Betty, said she, what is the matter thou lookest so ill? What, is not Nova Scotia as good as old England? Betty answered, No, no; but it is a good while since I left Nova Scotia. Polly asked her where her father and mother, and all the rest of the children were? She said, They were then in Nova Scotia. Polly asked her what they built their houses on? She said, Most of them on wood. Polly asked her various other questions, all which she answered, and then shewed her a letter about the size of a Reading-made-easy, which had two seals on it. Betty then said, Your father will receive such a letter as this from my father, which will tell you all. Polly then became quite awake, and Betty lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, and sunk down with three dreadful groans, and disappeared. Immediately the room was all dark.

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This dream or vision made a prodigious impression upon the mind of the young woman. She told it next morning to her father and mother, and other friends, with many tears. They did all that in them lay to convince her it was but a dream, and ought not to be regarded; but all to no purpose. Her health was greatly affected by the anxiety of her mind, and she continually affirmed, that her friend was dead, and did not doubt but such a letter would arrive as Betty had let her see. From this time, which was in June, as we have observed above, she kept anxiously looking for the letter in question, till near Martinmas, when Polly's father received a letter from the said Brian Kay, exactly of the size and shape of that which Polly had seen in her sleep, sealed with two seals, and giving a full account of the death of both his eldest daughters, and all the misfortunes which had befallen them to that time, just as had been represented in the night vision.

67. J—R— had a son, an officer in a distinguished line, who was with his regiment in the East Indies, and about whose safety she was perfectly at rest, having had recent accounts of his health, and of the country's being in peace. She went to bed one night, at her usual hour, and soon after, falling asleep, she dreamt she was in a strange place, and heard a buzzing sound of human voices at a distance. She looked towards the place from whence the noise came, and saw the approach of

many men, and some soldiers, carrying a vessel like a long basket or cradle. In this cradle was her son, laid at his length, looking deadly pale, dressed in a light brown furtoot coat, and one lap thrown carelessly over his middle. She was struck with such horror, that she awaked in great agonies, and slept no more that night. The next morning she told her dream to the lady with whom she was at breakfast. The servant who attended them had been a soldier in the early part of his life, and was so struck with the circumstance, that he, of his own accord, wrote down the occurrence; as did also some other ladies who breakfasted with them. The event proved, that the young gentleman was killed by a ball at that very instant, and carried to the General's tent in a sort of cradle, just as his mother saw it in her dream.

It is remarkable, that the young officer being engaged in directing a battery at the time of his fate, the General^{*} called to him, and desired him to change his regimental coat, as it was of too glaring a colour, and would make him a conspicuous mark for the enemy's cannon. This was done a short time before he fell. And this was the very identical coat, as it afterwards appeared, which his mother saw in her sleep.

68. Mr. R—— was abroad, and his wife in England. One night she dreamt that her wedding

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^{*}The present General Smith.

ring broke into many pieces, and fell from her finger. She fancied that she tried to collect the bits, and put them together again, but could not effect her purpose; which gave her so much pain, that she screamed out in her sleep so vehemently as to awake her maid servant, who slept in an adjoining room. The servant went instantly to her mistress's chamber, and found her weeping, just awaked from her dream. She told the dream to her maid, and also to her niece, and in a short time afterwards she received an account of her husband's death. On examining the memorandum made of the time of her dream, it appeared he had died about 11 o'clock that day.

69. A certain lady was married to a gentleman, whose circumstances were involved, and in a short time afterwards he was obliged to leave his family and go abroad to repair his shattered fortune. He left his wife in the care of a gentleman, whom he thought his friend, but in that was mistaken. The lady was young, well accomplished, and very beautiful. Her guardian proved a villain, and tried every art to gain the lady's affections. But finding all his wiles made no impression upon her, he had recourse to stratagem. The plan was so deeply couched, that the lady's innocence would, most probably, have been a victim to his vile pursuit, had not a dream alarmed and determined her to avoid the danger.

She dreamt she was going to a strange house, close to which appeared a thicket, in the form of a labyrinth. This labyrinth she entered, and followed its windings till they terminated in a small open space, in which there stood a horse, pasturing. The moment the horse saw her, it reared up and plunged, and then ran full speed towards her, with its mouth open, and its two fore feet lifted up, as meant to trample her down. She was dreadfully affrighted, and looked round to make her escape, but found no passage for retreat. However, being determined, if possible, to avoid the furious animal, which threatened her destruction, she ran into the hedge, which was full of quick thorns and briers. Just as she entered the hedge, a great black man, like a monstrous negro, burst from the hedge, and engaged the horse for some time, and at last slew him. When the horse fell dead to the ground, the black man called to her, and bid her come and view him. She trembled every limb, more afraid, if possible, of the man, than she was before of the horse. She durst not, however, disobey him, but went tremblingly forward. When she came to the place where the horse lay and the man stood, Look here, said he, and see who lies before you in the disguise of a horse. He ripped open the horse's skin, and shewed her the gentleman whom her husband had entrusted her to the care of, and then said, Look at me. She did so, and saw an angel, who instantly

instantly disappeared. Her fright awaked her, and made so deep an impression upon her mind, that she wrote to the gentleman the next day, and related to him her dream. This so shocked him, that he ever after desisted from his hidden wicked purpose. He confessed to her his horrid designs, begged her forgiveness, and became a great penitent. The dream, notwithstanding, was literally fulfilled in part; for this gentleman's affairs fell into disorder, and he was obliged to assume a disguise seven years after, and go into a part of the kingdom, where he was not known, to avoid a prosecution for debt. He took a fictitious name, and died in that state, without any one around him knowing who he really was, till his family took his corps away. Marvelous as this story appears, it is nevertheless strictly true.

70. Mrs. R— some years ago dreamt she saw her youngest child, who was then an infant about nine months old, stretched a corps, with rags upon its eyes, and placed on a broad landing in the stair-case. She waked in a sad fright, and was so rejoiced to find it a dream, that she put on her night gown and slippers, and run up to the nursery, where the babe was laid in the arms of his wet nurse. She took up the child, kissed him and wept over him bitterly, from the dream's having made such an impression upon her spirits. The child's nurse was much surprized and enquired the cause. I thought I saw him dead; replied the mother, and you weeping at his feet. In

In seven months after, when the dream was forgot, till all the occurrences took place exactly as they had been dreamt, the child died. The corps was stretched upon a twilight table in a dressing room. The child's godmother, entering the room, found it very close and hot, and the child's eyes a little open. She therefore took two halfpennies and wrapped them in bits of fine linen, and laid them on the child's eyes to close them up. Which done, she removed the corps to the landing of the stairs, and went down. The nurse, who was up another pair of stairs, was sent to fetch something, and found the corps removed, and stood weeping over it. When the child's mother descended the stairs, and saw them both just as she had dreamt seven months before, she was so struck, that she sunk down upon the stairs. The nurse cried out, I know, madam, what you are thinking of. Pray, Ellen, said the mother, what is it? Your dream, replied the nurse. The mother never was so affected as when she found the corps in the stair-case. But neither she nor the nurse knew at that time by whose means the child was placed there.

71. While the above child was buried Mrs. R— sent another of her sons, about five years and four months old, to the house of a friend in the country, to be out of the way of the funeral, while every precaution was used to prevent his knowing that his brother was dead. On his return home, and seeing the
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the nurse without his little brother, he enquired for him. She and the servants told him, his brother was gone to the house of a relation in the country, whom he well knew. But how could you let him go, nurse, said the child, without you? The nurse replied, He must not suck any longer, he is now got well again. Is he? said the child, and asked no more questions concerning him. In the course of a few days after, the child came to the chamber door of his father and mother very early in the morning; and, knocking hard, with great impatience desired to be let into the room. His father called out to bid him go back to the nursery. No, said the child, I will come in. Upon this the door was opened, and in he went, with no other covering but his shirt. Surprised to see the child in that situation, they called him to go to bed to them. This he refused to do, but addressed himself to his father with great earnestness, saying, No, papa, I will not come to you, nor to my mamma neither; no, never! for you have put my brother Billy in a box, and put him in the pit-hole; you have; and you will put me there by and bye; you will. All this time he wept bitterly. His parents fetched him to them, and tried every method to divert the child from this idea, and to compose his mind. When he was pacified they enquired who had told him such stories? This question set him a weeping afresh. He replied, however, that it was his brother
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ther Billy had told him so himself. How could your brother tell you so? said his father: you know he cannot talk. Yes, Papa, said the child, but he can, and walk too; for he came into my room, and said, Brother Tommy, papa and mamma have put me in a box into the pit-hole, and they will put you there by and bye. Why, Tom, you talk nonsense, said his father; and then offered him a bribe to inform him who had told him such stuff. But the child kept to his story, and added that his brother Billy was grown very tall, and could walk as well as any person, and talk too, and wore a white dress with a train to it.

When his parents went down stairs they strictly interrogated the servants whether they had any of them told the child of his brother's death: but they all made the most solemn declarations, that they had never heard him mention his brother, but the first time when he questioned the nurse, nor had any thing ever been said to him on the subject. He lived just seventeen months after his brother, and then took a sudden illness, and died in the space of two days.

72. Mr. A— was a man of brilliant talents, lively wit, and that sort of accommodating turn, which procured him the attention of people in the most distinguished ranks of life. His temper was extremely volatile, and led him into some gay and fashionable vices; while, in other respects, he had great

great merit, being a good husband, a good father, and a very domestic man. His mind had been injured by reading deistical authors, and living in the society of certain persons who professed those tenets. While this was his situation, a sudden turn of fortune took place in his affairs, and he was reduced from a state of ease and affluence to a state of all but indigence. His mind was badly suited to meet such a shock. He tried to conceal it from his family and friends, hoping by certain experiments in business to retrieve his affairs. All his attempts, however, proved abortive, and only contributed to hasten so much the faster the entire ruin of his family. Sometime before this reverse of fortune took place, his eldest daughter went into France with a party of ladies for education. About the time of Easter, a French pedlar called upon the ladies with his merchandise, consisting of a great variety of curious prints and painted pictures. They all became purchasers, and determined to send a chosen set of the prints, as a present to Mr. A— his wife, and daughters, by the first mail to England. The parcel that contained the pictures arrived at the house of Mr. A— in London about three o'clock in the afternoon; and by the footman was placed, with other letters, in Mr. A's closet. Mr. A— being gone to the Queen's palace did not return home to dinner till half past four o'clock. As soon as he entered the dining room Mrs. A—
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told her husband of the letters. He ordered them to be brought to him. And on perceiving one of them very large he opened it: which he had no sooner done, but he cried out, sunk down in his chair, and fainted away. When he recovered, he faintly said to his wife, Do you remember what I said to you this morning when you awaked me? Yes, very well. Pray what was it? You appeared greatly agitated in your sleep, I feared you were ill, and awaked you. But what did I say to you at that time? You told me, that I had disturbed you in a very interesting moment, for that you were dreaming the sky opened, and a hand appeared holding a small figure representing our Saviour upon a cross. Mr. A— then took the picture, painted upon vellum, that had first presented itself to him in the parcel, and shewed it to his wife and daughters. The young ladies immediately said, Papa, that is exactly like what you told us you dreamt you saw when mamma waked you this morning.

— This occurrence Mr. A— endeavoured to shake off his mind, but to no purpose. The conviction of a separate existence pursued him into every place. All his deistical reasonings failed him. His mind became perplexed, his circumstances more so. His gay friends forsook him. The world reproached him. His mind was in darkness and horror. He wished for death, but durst not look that way. Thus he lived in perpetual conflicts between Christianity

tianity and Infidelity, with much despair, and but little hope. At length he left his family, retired into a small country village, where, like a hermit, he spent his time in penitence and prayer. In about a year he died, at a distance from all his friends, meek, humble, and resigned, a thorough convert from deism to Christianity. Such was the issue of his dream!

73. The Lady of Sir Watkin William Wynne some years ago dreamed two or three times in one night, that her husband was killed by a fall from his horse in hunting; and on his awaking in the morning, and ordering the huntsman to get the hounds ready, for that he intended to hunt that day; his lady entreated him not to go. He desired to know her reason for objecting to his going then, as she had never done so before. She was unwilling to tell him her dream, fearing she should be laughed at by him. But on his urging it, she told him what she had dreamt. He, as she supposed, laughed heartily at her, saying, He would certainly go now, in order to let her see there was nothing in dreams. He went—was thrown from his horse—and killed—just as had been represented to his lady in her dream.

74. I said above, that I myself was a stranger to such dreams or visions of the night, as could justly be considered supernatural. I will take the liberty here, however, of relating a circumstance of a similar kind, which happened to me many years ago. When I was yet a boy, and undesigned for the ministry

ministry, either by my Parents, or from inclination, one Sunday evening, while reading prayers in my Father's family, suddenly a voice, or something like a voice, called aloud within me, yet so as not to be perceived by any of the persons who were kneeling around me—You must go and be instructed for the ministry.—The voice, or whatever it might be, was so exceedingly quick and powerful, that it was with difficulty I could proceed to the end of the prayer, which, I well remember, was that form for families at the end of the little book called "The Christian Monitor." As soon, however, as the prayer was ended, I made request to my Father to let me be trained for the Ministry. I told him all that I knew of the circumstance. He, of course, denied my request, thinking it was some whim I had got into my head, which would go off again when I had slept upon it. But the voice, or, what shall I call it? gave me no rest night or day for three weeks, when my ever dear, honoured, and indulgent Father gave way to my wishes, and put me into a train of study to qualify me for the university.

This is the simple fact, and all that I know of it. The reader will account for as he thinks proper. It cannot be called, I think, either a dream or a vision, with propriety. Some have been pleased to say, it is a little like unto the calling of Samuel. I pretend not to determine any thing about the fact.

fact. Only so it was. It produced a very important change in the course of my life. I bless God for it. And I thought it not unworthy of being recorded, now I am speaking upon a subject nearly allied thereto.

75. Mr. G—S— had a dream some years ago, of a kind similar to some of the foregoing. He thought in his sleep he received a letter from God, which he opened and read, the substance of which was as follows:—You must go to preach the gospel in a foreign land, unto a fallen people, a mixture of nations.—He thought he was conveyed to the place where the ship lay, in which he was to embark in an instant. The warf and ship appeared as plain to him as if he had been awake. He replied in his dream, Lord, I am willing to go in thy name; but I am afraid a people of different nations and languages will not understand me. An answer to this was given; Fear not, for I am with thee. He awoke from his sleep greatly affected, revolved the dream in his mind for a long time, but knew not what it meant. However, six years after this he was providentially called to preach the gospel in America; and when he arrived at Peel, and saw the ship and warf, all came fresh into his mind; the ship, the place, and the warf being the very same he had seen in his dream six years before.

76. The following dream of the pious and learned Mr. Howe is very remarkable and divine. I
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will deliver it in his own words, and leave the reader to form what judgment he thinks proper upon it.

December 26, 1689.— After that I had long, seriously, and repeatedly thought with myself, that besides a full and undoubted assent to the objects of faith, a vivifying savoury taste and relish of them was also necessary; that with stronger force, and more powerful energy, they might penetrate into the most inward center of my heart, and there being most deeply fixed and rooted, govern my life; and that there could be no other sure ground whereon to conclude and pass a sound judgment on my good estate God-ward: and after I had, in my course of preaching been largely insisting on 2 Cor. 1. 12. this very morning I awoke out of a most ravishing and delightful dream, that a wonderful and copious stream of celestial rays, from the lofty throne of the divine Majesty, did seem to dart into my open and expanded breast. I have often since, with great complacency, reflected on that very signal pledge of special divine favour vouchsafed to me on that noted memorable day, and have, with repeated fresh pleasure, tasted the delights thereof. But what of the same kind I sensibly felt, through the admirable bounty of my God, and the most pleasant comforting influence of the Holy Spirit, on Oct. 22. 1704, far surpassed the most expressive words my thoughts can suggest. I then experienced an inexpressibly pleasant melting of heart, tears gushing out of my eyes

eyes for joy that God should shed abroad his love abundantly through the hearts of men; and that, for this very purpose, my own should be so signally possessed of and by his blessed Spirit. Rom. 5. 5.¹

77. The following extraordinary Narrative was related to me² by the very person who is the chief subject of it, as also by his two comrades in the vessel, whose veracity appears to me unquestionable.

There were two Brothers (of the name of Clarke) who had the command of a small trading vessel, in the Isle of Man; and, as they were lying at anchor, some distance from the harbour, waiting for a fair wind, a sailor on board wanted to go on shore, which they were unwilling to consent to. Being Methodists, the man had great enmity against them, and, therefore, after some personal abuse, he swore most desperately that he would not be hindered by them. Accordingly, he went down into the boat, which was lying at the side of the ship, and as he took the oar, in order to send himself to shore, it fell out of his hand, and he lay with his head hanging over the gunnel. For some time they apprehended he was going to sleep, but not seeing him move, one of the brothers got into the boat, and, shaking him by the shoulder, found he did not awake. Then looking upon his face, and feeling

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¹ This dream and the last have been recorded, the former in the Armenian Magazine, vol. 13. p. 237; the latter in Burnham's Pious Memorials, art. Howe.

² The Rev. E——d S——h,

that he was as cold as a corpse, Clarke cried out to his brother, The fellow is dead. They then fastened ropes about his body, and pulled him up into the vessel, and after stripping him, they threw pails of water upon his face, and over different parts of his body, in hopes this might be a means of rousing him, if he was in a trance or fit. Finding this ineffectual, they laid him on his belly, across a piece of timber, and one holding him by the head, and the other by the feet, they pulled him alternately, thinking that the friction might be of service. But as no signs of life appeared, they agreed to leave him upon deck, and to go to a vessel not far from them, that they might bring some of the crew to see that there were no marks of violence upon the body. After this was done, various efforts were used to restore the man to life; and, at last, he was heard to groan, and, shortly after, he opened his eyes. They then put him to bed in the cabin, where he lay for some time without speaking, being exceedingly weak. As Thomas Clarke was standing at the bed side, the other said to him, Oh, Tom, Tom, I have been a wicked wretch: I have used you and your brother very ill: can you forgive me? Clarke replied, Indeed I can, and do, with all my heart: and I hope God will forgive you. When he had regained some strength, he then addressed Clarke in the following manner: I have been out of the body, and have seen wonderful things. As soon as I jumped into
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the boat, my spirit departed, and I found myself in the custody of two devils, in the shape of black bears, who dragged me to a lime-kiln, out of which I saw flames of fire ascending. I shrieked horribly, and just as they were going to throw me in, an angel, dressed in white robes, whose face resembled Mr. Mason's, the Methodist preacher's, suddenly appeared, and said to the devils, He is not yours—let him go: upon which they immediately vanished. The angel took me by the arm, and led me from the lime-kiln, and when we had gone a little way, I observed a man, with a black mantle over his shoulders, standing up to his middle in mud, from which he was striving to extricate himself. On coming nearer to him, I knew him to be a companion of mine, and it was impressed on my mind that he was suffering there, because he neglected to pay a vow which he once made to God. We were both, some time ago, in a small fishing boat, and a great storm coming on, we expected nothing but death, therefore seeing ourselves in such danger, we prayed to God to deliver us, and promised upon our knees, that if he would bring us safe to shore, we would give a shilling a piece to the poor; but when we got to land, we never thought more about our vow. And now, Tom Clarke, as I do not think I shall live long, I find myself so very weak, I beseech you to speak to my wife and charge her to give a shilling to the poor for me, or I shall never be happy.

When Clarke assured him he would, he then continued his discourse.—The angel, after this, led me to a beautiful river, at the other side of which, in a flowery meadow, I saw a great number of people, (chiefly Methodists) and among the rest, you and the Predestinarian that was arguing with you yesterday. At the time of your dispute, you may remember that he quoted this text of scripture: *The Lord hath made all things for himself, yea even the wicked for the day of evil.* At this, thinking I was one of the reprobates that would be damned, I said within myself, Surely, from my past debauched life I must expect it, and therefore it is in vain for me to look for salvation. I may continue still in my wicked courses, and make myself as happy as I can while I live, since I must go to hell at last. Indeed I now believe that this was only a temptation of the devil; for as I saw you on the bank of the river, with the bible in your hand, opened in that very place where the text was, the angel said unto me, Tom Clarke is right—the other man is wrong—my grace is free for all, therefore free for you.—And now, to convince you that I am telling no lies, as you know I can neither read nor write, if you look into the bible, you will find that text in the 16th. chapter of Proverbs, and that the first letter of the chapter is a T.—Upon this, Clarke examined his bible, and finding it to be true, he desired the man to go on with his story.—Well (says he) after receiving some comfort

comfort from what the angel said, I saw a large gate at the end of the field, which was studded all over with diamonds, and out of the key-hole the rays of the sun shone so brightly, that my eyes were quite dazzled; and, as I was admiring the sight, a white dove came through the key-hole, and flying straight across the river, struck me with force upon the breast, and while it was fluttering there with its wings, I found my life returning by degrees. He then told Tom Clarke, that if God would but spare him, he would become a new man, and that both he and his wife (whom before he had grossly abused for going to hear the Methodists) would join them; which they did soon after. He had been among them, I think, two years, when this account was given to me, and he was then walking in the fear of God, and happy in the light of his countenance. And though he was advanced in years, he had himself taught to read, that he might be able to search the scriptures, and learn from thence the truth as it is in Jesus. —

It were easy to multiply instances, but I need mention no more. These are clear and full as necessary. They are all matters of fact, authenticated as well as the nature of things will admit: and we usually say, Facts are stubborn things. In what manner will those who are incredulous in these mat-

ters account for them?¹ They establish incontestably, if they are admitted, the Being of God, and a particular providence; the existence of separate spirits, and the immortality of human souls, in opposition to the Atheists and Sadducees of the day. It will be observed, I produce them not as matters of opinion, but as matters of fact; and as facts authenticated in the most satisfactory manner. Some of them rest upon the faith of sacred history, some upon the credit of profane story, and others upon private testimony. The question is, how to account for them, so as to satisfy a religious and philosophic mind? An absolute denial of the facts will involve us in as great difficulties as the admission of them: for, if we deny some and not all, it will be incumbent on us to account for such as we cannot refuse credit to. If we reject the whole together, as incredible or impossible, then we must give a reasonable account why so many persons of the most respectable

¹Even Monsieur Bayle, that celebrated French scholar and philosopher, who was far from being over-stocked with credulity, could not withhold his assent from the doctrine of monitory dreams: "I think," says he, "we may say of dreams the same almost as of enchantments, that they are far less mysterious than people believe, and somewhat more than unbelievers fancy. The histories of all times and places relate, both with respect to dreams and magic, so many surprising things, that those who obstinately deny them all, render themselves suspected, either of want of sincerity, or judgment to discern the force of the proofs. A violent prejudice, or a certain turn of mind, blinds their understanding, when they compare the reasons pro and con."

respectable characters, and, upon all other occasions, of the most undoubted veracity, should, upon this, endeavour to deceive the public, by asserting what they know to be false.² If we grant, that they believed their own tales, but were themselves deceived, then we must either give some satisfactory account of this strong illusion of their senses, or else admit the facts. If we deny the whole, without either rhyme or reason, and turn all such relations into ridicule; by the same mode of proceeding we may subvert every fact recorded in history. We grant the doctrine of dreams and night-visions is attended with difficulties, on which side soever we consider it; but then so is every other doctrine that can be proposed. So is the doctrine of the Divine existence; the Divine perfections; the doctrine of angels, spirits, and all invisible beings:³ so is the doctrine of creation, re-

F 4

demption

²“ A person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres,” says Mr. Addison again, “ is much more reasonable, than one, who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot mistrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion.”

SPECTATOR, IIO.

³ Monsieur Le Clerc's sentiments on the doctrine of spirits are modest and just:—“ As for apparitions of spirits,” says this learned man, “ we cannot by any reason shew from the nature of the thing itself, that it is not possible for spirits to be joined with a subtle body; nor is it likely that so many nations, and

demption, renovation, dissolution, resurrection, immortality, eternal life: and indeed so is the doctrine of every object around us. If therefore we will believe no doctrine till we can fully account for it, and admit no facts till we are acquainted with all the circumstances attending them, we involve ourselves in greater difficulties than those we attempt to avoid. But if, without pretending to be wise above what is written, we tread in the good old path of our forefathers, and grant there is a God, and particular providence; that the soul of man is immortal, and exists in a separate state; and that there are such beings as guardian angels, the facts here recorded will easily be accounted for. If indeed there is no God and particular providence; or if the soul is not immortal, and there are no *such* beings as those just mentioned, I confess, I do not see what reasonable account can be given of these relations. The theories of anxiety of mind, strong imaginations, association, indigestion, and the like, seem to me utterly inadequate to the business.* I will readily allow, that the

“so remote in places and opinions should agree in a lie, as to all
 “they have said concerning the apparition of spirits. It is
 “much more likely, that the ground of the lies invented about
 “this matter, was some true apparition, to which, as is usual, a
 “world of other relations of the like kind have been feigned.”

View of the Invisible World.

Let the Reader consult Le Clerc on Gen. 12. 7. concerning revelations by dreams, and Smith's Select Discourses, p. 161—273.

*The Author of the Mirror, before quoted, concludes his two very sensible Papers on dreaming in the following manner:—

the cry of superstition and credulity may be a sufficient answer to ninety nine in a hundred of the dreams and visions which are daily related; but, I apprehend, such answer will by no means give satisfaction to a sober and religious mind, in most of the cases which have here been laid before the Reader.⁵

But,

“To conclude: Providence certainly superintends the affairs of men; and often, we know not how often, interposes for our preservation. It would, therefore, be presumptuous to affirm, that supernatural cautions, in regard to futurity, are never communicated in dreams. The design of these remarks (on common dreams) is not to contradict any authentic experience, or historical fact, but only to shew, that dreams may proceed from a variety of causes that have nothing supernatural in them: and that, though we are not much acquainted with the nature of this wonderful mode of perception, we know enough of it to see, that it is not useless, or superfluous, but may, on the contrary, answer some purposes of great importance to our welfare both in soul and body.”

⁵Several of the cases before related are very surprizing, and, if true, undoubtedly supernatural. But the following narrative, which I have since met with, is very much out of the common way, and appears highly incredible. The late Mr. Wesley, however, believed it, and gave his reasons for so doing. Those reasons, with the narrative itself, I will here submit to the Reader's consideration, and leave him to form what judgment he thinks proper both of it and them.

May 25, 1768, and the two following days, being at Sunderland, I took down from one who had feared God from her infancy, one of the strangest accounts I ever read. And yet I can find no pretence to disbelieve it. The well-known character of the person, excludes all suspicion of fraud. And the nature of the circumstances themselves, excludes the possibility of a delusion.

It is true there are several of them, which I do not comprehend. But this is with me a very slender objection. For what is it which I do comprehend, even of the things I see daily? Truly not

“The smallest grain of sand or spire of grass.”

I know not how the one grows, or how the particles of the other

But, it is continually asked by those who oppose the reality of præternatural dreams, *Cui bono?* to what

cohere together. What pretence have I then to deny well-attested facts, because I cannot comprehend them?

It is true likewise, that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of learning in Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions, as mere old wives fables. I am sorry for it: and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest, against this violent compliment, which so many that believe the bible pay, to those who do not believe it. I owe them no such service. I take knowledge, these are at the bottom of the outcry which has been raised, and with such insolence spread throughout the nation, in direct opposition not only to the bible, but to the suffrage of the wisest and best of men in all ages and nations. They well know, (whether Christians know it or not) that the giving up witchcraft, is in effect, giving up the bible. And they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air, (deism, atheism, materialism) falls to the ground. I know no reason therefore, why we should suffer even this weapon to be wrested out of our hands. Indeed there are numerous arguments besides, which abundantly confute their vain imaginations. But we need not be hooted out of one: neither reason nor religion require this.

One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over is this, "Did you ever see an apparition yourself?" No: nor did I ever see a murder. Yet I believe there is such a thing: yea, and that in one place or another murder is committed every day. Therefore I cannot as a reasonable man deny the fact; although I never saw it, and perhaps never may. The testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other.

But to set this aside, it has been confidently alledged, that many of these have seen their error, and have been clearly convinced, that the supposed præternatural operation was the mere contrivance of artful men. The famous instance of this, which has been spread far and wide, was the drumming in Mr. Mompeyson's house at Tedworth; who it was said acknowledged, "It was all a trick, and that he had found out the whole contrivance." Not so. My eldest brother then at Christ Church, Oxon, enquired of Mr. Mompeyson his fellow collegian, "whether his father had acknowledged this or not?" He an-

what purpose? Why should God interpose, or suffer his invisible agents to interpose in the paltry concerns of mortals?

“Nec

swered, “The resort of gentlemen to my father’s house, was so great, he could not bear the expence. He therefore took no pains to confute the report that he had found out the cheat: although he, and I, and all the family knew, the account which was published to be punctually true.”

This premised, I proceed to as remarkable a narrative as any that has fallen under my notice. The reader may believe it if he pleases: or may disbelieve it, without any offence to me. Mean time let him not be offended if I believe it, till I see better reason to the contrary.

1. Elizabeth Hobson was born in Sunderland, in the year 1744. Her father dying when she was three or four years old, her uncle, Thomas Rea, a pious man brought her up as his own daughter. She was serious from a child, and grew up in the fear of God. Yet she had deep and sharp convictions of sin, till she was about sixteen years of age, when she found peace with God, and from that time the whole tenour of her behaviour was suitable to her profession.

On Wednesday, May 25, 1768, and the three following days, I talked with her at large. But it was with great difficulty I prevailed on her to speak. The substance of what she said was as follows.

2. From my childhood, when any of our neighbours died, whether men, women, or children, I used to see them either just when they died or a little before. And I was not frightened at all it was so common. Indeed many times I did not then know they were dead. I saw many of them by day, many by night. Those that came when it was dark, brought light with them. I observed all little children and many grown persons had a bright, glorious light round them. But many had a gloomy dismal light, and a dusky cloud over them.

3. When I told my uncle this he did not seem to be at all surprized at it. But at several times he said, “Be not afraid: only take care to fear and serve God. As long as he is on your side, none will be able to hurt you.” At other times he said, (dropping a word now and then, but seldom answering me any questions about it) “Evil spirits very seldom appear, but between eleven at night and two in the morning. But after they have appeared to a person a year, they frequently come in the

"Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
"Inciderit."¹

"Nor

"day time. Whatever spirits, good or bad, come in the day,
"they come at sun-rise, at noon, or at sun-set."

4. When I was between twelve and thirteen, my uncle had a lodger, who was a very wicked man. One night I was sitting in my chamber, about half hour after ten, having by accident put out my candle, when he came in, all over on a flame. I cried out, "William, why do you come in so to fright me?" He said nothing, but went away. I went after him into his room: but found he was fast asleep in bed. A day or two after he fell ill, and within the week died in raging despair.

5. I was between fourteen and fifteen, when I went very early one morning to fetch up the kine. I had two fields to cross into a low ground which was said to be haunted. Many persons had been frightened there: and I had myself often seen men and women, (so many, at times, that they are out of count) go just by me and vanish away. This morning, as I came towards it, I heard a confused noise, as of many people quarrelling. But I did not mind it, and went on, till I came near the gate. I then saw on the other side a young man drest in purple, who said, "It is too early: Go back from whence you came. The Lord be with you and bless you." And presently he was gone.

6. When I was about sixteen, my uncle fell ill, and grew worse and worse for three months. One day having been sent out on an errand, I was coming home through a lane, when I saw him in the field coming swiftly towards me. I ran to meet him; but he was gone. When I came home I found him calling for me. As soon as I came to his bed side, he clasped his arms round my neck; and bursting into tears earnestly exhorted me, to continue in the ways of God, kept his hold, till he sunk down and died; and even then they could hardly unclasp his fingers. I would fain have died with him and wished to be buried with him, dead or alive.

7. From that time I was crying from morning to night, and praying that I might see him. I grew weaker and weaker, till one morning about one o'clock, as I was lying crying as usual, I heard some noise, and rising up, saw him come to the bed side. He looked much displeased, shook his head at me, and in a minute or two went away.

8. About a week after I took my bed and grew worse and

¹Ars Poetica Horat. l. 191.

“Nor let a God in person stand display’d,

“Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid.”

No man, one should suppose, would ask questions like these, by way of getting clear of the supernatural

worfe, till in six or seven days my life was despaired of. Then about eleven at night, my uncle came in, looked well pleased, and sat down on the bedside. He came every night after at the same time, and stayed till cock-crowing. I was exceeding glad, and kept my eyes fixt upon him, all the time he stayed. If I wanted drink or any thing, though I did not speak or stir, he fetched it, and set it on the chair by the bedside. Indeed I could not speak; many times I strove, but could not move my tongue. Every morning when he went away he waved his hand to me, and I heard delightful music, as if many persons were singing together.

9. In about six weeks I grew better. I was then musing one night, Whether I did well, in desiring he might come? And I was praying, that God would do his own will, when he came in, and stood by the bedside. But he was not in his usual dress: he had on a white robe which reached down to his feet. He looked quite well pleased. About one, there stood by him a person in white, taller than him and exceeding beautiful. He came with the singing as of many voices, and continued till near cock-crowing. Then my uncle smiled and waved his hand towards me twice or thrice. They went away with inexpressible sweet music, and I saw him no more.

10. In a year after this, a young man courted me, and in some months we agreed to be married. But he purposed to take another voyage first, and one evening went a-board his ship. About eleven o’clock, going out to look for my mother, I saw him standing at his mother’s door with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his eyes. I went to him, and reached my hand, to put up his hat. But he went swiftly by me, and I saw the wall on the other side of the lane part as he went through, and then immediately close after him. At ten the next morning he died.

11. A few days after, John Simpson, one of our neighbours, a man that truly feared God, and one with whom I was particularly acquainted, went to sea, as usual. He sailed out on a Tuesday. The Friday night following, between eleven and twelve o’clock, I heard one walking in my room, and every step found-

supernatural part of the phenomenon of dreaming, who embraces the wonderful scheme of redemption exhibited

ed, as he was stepping in water. He then came to the bedside in his sea-jacket, all wet, and stretched his hand over me. Three drops of water fell on my breast, and felt as cold as ice. I strove to wake his wife, who lay with me; but I could not, any more than if she was dead. Afterwards I heard, he was cast away that night. In less than a minuet he went away. But he came to me every night, for six or seven nights following, between eleven and two. Before he came and when he went away, I always heard sweet music. Afterwards he came both day and night: every night about twelve with the music at his coming and going, and every day at sun-rise, noon, and sun-set. He came whatever company I was in; at church, in the preaching-house, at my class: and was always just before me, changing his posture as I changed mine. When I sat he sat; when I kneeled he kneeled; when I stood he stood likewise. I would fain have spoke to him, but I could not; when I tried, my heart sunk within me: mean time it affected me more and more, so that I lost both my stomach, my colour, and my strength. This continued ten weeks, while I pined away not daring to tell any one. At last he came four or five nights without any music, and looked exceeding sad. On the fifth night he drew the curtains of the bed violently to and fro; still looking wishfully at me, and as one quite distressed. This he did two nights. On the third, I lay down about eleven, on the side of the bed. I quickly saw him walking up and down the room. Being resolved to speak to him, but unwilling any should hear, I rose and went up into the garret. When I opened the door, I saw him walking toward me, and shrunk back; on which he stopped and stood at a distance. I said, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what is your business with me?" He answered, "Betsey, God forgive you, for keeping me so long from my rest. Have you forgot what you promised before I went to sea? To look to my children, if I was drowned? You must stand to your word or I cannot rest." I said, "I wish I was dead!" He said, "Say not so. You have more to go through before then. And yet, if you knew as much as I do, you would not care how soon you died.—You may bring the children on in their learning while they live: they have but a short time." I said, "I will take all the care I can." He added, "Your brother has wrote for you, to come to Jamaica: But if you go it will hurt

exhibited in the gospel. For the attention of the Almighty to the concerns of man is therein seen to be

“ your soul. You have also thoughts of altering your condition: “ but if you marry him you think of, it will draw you from God, “ and you will neither be happy here nor hereafter. Keep close “ to God, and go on in the way wherein you have been brought “ up.” I asked, “ How do you spend your time?” He answered, “ In songs of praise. But of this you will know more by “ and by: for where I am, you will surely be. I have lost “ much happiness by coming to you: And I should not have “ stayed so long without using other means to make you speak: “ but the Lord would not suffer me to fright you. Have you “ any thing more to say? It draws near two, and after that I “ cannot stay. I shall only come to you twice more before the “ death of my two children. God bless you.” Immediately I heard such singing, as if a thousand voices joined together. He then went down stairs and I followed him to the first landing. He smiled, and I said “ I desire you will come back.” He stood still till I came to him. I asked him one or two questions, which he immediately answered; but added, “ I wish you had not called me back; for now I must take something from you.” He paused a little and said, “ I think you can best part with the “ hearing of your left ear.” He laid his hand upon it, and in the instant it was deaf as a stone. And it was several years before I recovered the least hearing of it. The cock crowed as he went out of the door: and then the music ceased. The elder of his children died at about three years and a half, the younger, before he was five years old. He appeared before the death of each, but without speaking; after that, I saw him no more.

12. A little before Michaelmas 1763, my brother George, who was a good young man, went to sea. The day after Michaelmas-day, about midnight, I saw him standing by my bedside, surrounded with a glorious light, and looking earnestly at me. He was wet all over. That night the ship in which he sailed, split upon a rock, and all the crew were drowned.

13. On April 9, 1767, about midnight, I was laying awake, and I saw my brother John standing by my bedside. Just at that time he died in Jamaica.

14. By his death I became intitled to an house in Sunderland, which was left us by my grandfather, John Hobson, an exceeding wicked man, who was drowned fourteen years ago. I employed an attorney to recover it from my aunts, who kept possession

be such as almost baffles belief, and causes the very angels to stand amazed at the Divine condescension.

If

of it. But finding more difficulty than I expected, in the beginning of December I gave it up. Three or four nights after, as I rose from prayer, a little before eleven, I saw him standing at a small distance. I cried out, "Lord bless me! what brings you here?" He answered "You have given up the house: Mr. Parker advised you so to do: but if you do I shall have no rest. Indeed Mr. Dunn, whom you have hitherto employed, will do nothing for you. Go to Durham: employ an attorney there, and it will be recovered." His voice was loud, and so hollow and deep, that every word went through me. His lips did not move at all, (nor his eyes) but the sound seemed to rise out of the floor. When he had done speaking, he turned about, and walked out of the room.

15. In January, as I was sitting on the bedside, a quarter before twelve he came in, stood before me, looked earnestly at me, then walked up and down and stood and looked again. This he did for half an hour: and thus he came every other night, for about three weeks. All this time he seemed angry, and some times his look was quite horrid and furious. One night I was sitting up in bed crying, when he came and began to pull off the cloaths. I strove to touch his hand, but could not; on which he shrunk back and smiled.

16. The next night but one, about twelve, I was again sitting up and crying, when he came and stood at the bedside. As I was looking for an handkerchief he walked to the table, took one up, brought and dropt it upon the bed. After this, he came three or four nights and pulled the cloaths off, throwing them on the other side of the bed.

17. Two nights after he came as I was sitting on the bedside, and after walking to and fro, snatched the handkerchief from my neck. I fell into a swoon. When I came to myself he was standing just before me. Presently he came close to me, dropt it on the bed, and went away.

18. Having had a long illness the year before, having taken much cold by his frequent pulling off the cloaths, and being worn out by these appearances, I was now mostly confined to my bed. The next night, soon after eleven, he came again. I asked, "In God's name, why do you torment me thus? You know, it is impossible for me to go to Durham now. But I have a fear that you are not happy, and beg to know, whether you are or

If therefore God acts not without reason, man must be of much higher account in his estimation
G than

not? He answered, after a little pause, "That is a bold question for you to ask. So far as you knew me to do amiss in my life-time, do you take care to do better." I said, "It is a shocking affair, to live and die after that manner." He replied, "It is no time for reflections now: what is done cannot be undone." I said, "It must be a great happiness to die in the Lord." He said, "Hold your tongue! Hold your tongue!" "At your peril never mention such a word before me again!" I was frightened, and strove to lift up my heart to God. He gave a shriek, and sunk down at three times, with a loud groan at each time. Just as he disappeared, there was a large flash of fire, and I fainted away.

Three days after, I went to Durham, and put the affair into Mr. Hugill the attorney's hands. The next night, about one, he came in; but on my taking up the bible, went away. A month after, he came about eleven. I said, "Lord, bless me! What has brought you here again?" He said, "Mr. Hugill has done nothing but writ one letter: you must write or go to Durham again. It may be decided in a few days." I asked "Why do not you go to my aunts, who keep me out of it?" He answered, "I have no power to go to them. And they cannot bear it. If I could, I would go to them, were it only to warn them: for I doubt, where I am, I shall get too many to bear me company." He added, "Take care: there is mischief laid in Peggy's hands: she will strive to meet you coming from your class. I do not speak to hinder you from going to it, but that you may be cautious. Let some one go with you and come back with you; though whether you will escape or no, I cannot tell." I said, "She can do no more than God will let her." He answered, "We have all too little to do with him. Mention that word no more. As soon as this is decided meet me at Boyldon-hill, between twelve and one at night." I said, "That is a lone place for a woman to go to at that time of night. I am willing to meet you at the Ballast-hills, or in the church-yard." He said, "That will not do. But what are you afraid of?" I answered, "I am not afraid of you, but of rude men." He said, "I will set you safe, both thither and back again." I asked, "May I not bring a minister with me?" He replied, "Are you thereabouts? I will not be seen by any but you. You have plained

than this objection supposes. It has been said, "The
" eternal salvation of one soul is of greater importance

" ed me sore enough already. If you bring any with you, take
" what follows."

From this time he appeared every night, between eleven and two. If I put out the fire and candle, in hopes I should not see him, it did not avail. For as soon as he came, all the room was light, but with a dismal light, like flaming brimstone. But when ever I took up the bible, or kneeled down, yea, or prayed in my heart, he was gone.

On Thursday, May 12, he came about eleven, as I was sitting by the fire. I asked, " In God's name, what do you want?" He said, " You must either go or write to Durham. I cannot stay from you 'till this is decided: and I cannot stay where I am." When he went away, I fell into a violent passion of crying, seeing no end of my trouble. In this agony I continued till after one and then fell into a fit. About two I came to myself, and saw standing at the bed-side, one in a white robe, which reached down to his feet. I cried, " In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—" He said, " The Lord is with you. I am come to comfort you. What cause have you to complain and murmur thus? Why do you mourn thus for your friends? Pray for them, and leave them to God. Arise and pray." I said, " I can pray none." He said, " But God will help you: only keep close to God; you are backward likewise in praying with others, and afraid to receive the Lord's supper. Break through that backwardness and that fear. The Lord blefs you and be ever with you!" As he went away, I heard many voices singing Hallelujah, with such melody as I never heard before. All my trouble was gone, and I wanted nothing but to fly away with them.

Sat. 28. About twelve, my grandfather stood at the bedside. I said, " In God's name, what do you want?" He said, " You do not make an end of this thing: get it decided as soon as possible. My coming is as uneasy to myself, as it can be to you." Before he came there was a strong smell of burning, and the room was full of smoke, which got into my eyes, and almost blinded me for some time after.

7 Wednesday, June 21. About sunset, I was coming up-stairs at Mrs. Knot's and I saw him coming towards me out of the opposite room. He went close by me on the stair-head. Before I saw him I smelt a strong smell of burning: and so did Miss Hof-

“ance, and big with greater events, than the sal-
“vation of a whole kingdom, for any limited time,
G 2 “though

mor. It got into my throat and almost stifled me. I sat down, and fainted away.

On Friday, July 3. I was sitting at dinner, when I thought I heard one come along the passage. I looked about, and saw my aunt, Margaret Scot of Newcastle, standing at my back. On Saturday I had a letter informing me, that she died on that day.” Thus far Elizabeth Hobson.

On Sunday, July 10. I received the following letter from a friend to whom I had recommended her.

“Sunderland, 6 July, 1768.

“I wrote you word before, that Elizabeth Hobson, was put into possession of the house. The same night her old visitant, who had not troubled her for some time came again and said: “You must meet me at Boyldon-hill, on Thursday night, a little before twelve. You will see many appearances, who will call you to come to them: but do not stir, neither give them any answer. A quarter after twelve, I shall come and call you; but still do not answer nor stir. She said, ‘It is an hardship upon me for you to desire me to meet you there. Why cannot you take your leave now?’ He answered, “It is for your good that I desire it. I can take my leave of you now. But if I do I must take something from you, which you would not like to part with.” She said, ‘May not a few friends come with me?’ He said, “They may; but they must not be present when I come.”

That night, twelve of us met at Mr. Davison’s and spent some time in prayer. God was with us of a truth. Then six of us went with her to the place, leaving the rest to pray for us. We came thither a little before twelve, and then stood at a small distance from her. It being a fine night, we kept her in our sight, and spent the time in prayer. She stood there till a few minutes after one. When we saw her move, we went to meet her. She said, ‘Thank God it is all over and done. I found every thing as he told me. I saw many appearances, who called me to them; but I did not answer or stir. Then he came and called me at a distance; but I took no notice. Soon after he came up to me and said,’ “You are come well fortified.” He then gave her the reasons, why he required her to meet him at that place; and why he could take his leave there, and not in the house, without taking something from her. But withal he charged her to tell this to no one; adding, “If you disclose this

“ though it were for the space of ten thousand ages :
 “ because there will come up a point, an instant in
 “ eternity, when that one soul shall have existed as
 “ many ages as all the individuals of a whole king-
 “ dom, ranged in close succession, will, in the whole,
 “ have existed, in the space of ten thousand ages.
 “ Therefore one soul is capable of a larger share of
 “ happiness or misery, throughout an endless eter-
 “ nity, than a whole kingdom is capable of in ten
 “ thousand ages. ” The seraphic Young hath car-
 ried this consideration still further:

“ Know’st thou th’ importance of a soul immortal?
 “ Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
 “ Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze!
 “ Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
 “ Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,
 “ And calls th’ astonishing magnificence
 “ Of unintelligent creation poor.¹

If such is the value of a human soul, we need no
 longer ask, why God interposes in a supernatural
 manner

“ to any creature, I shall be under a necessity, of troubling you
 “ as long as you live. If you do not, I shall never trouble you,
 “ nor see you any more, either in time or eternity.” He then
 bid her farewell, waved his hand, and disappeared.

WESLEY’S WORKS, Vol. 32. p. 180—199.

¹ The profound Pascal likewise tells us, “ that the whole
 “ system of bodies, the firmament, the stars, the earth, and the
 “ kingdoms of it, are not fit to be opposed in value to the lowest
 “ mind or spirit; because spirit is endued with the knowledge
 “ and apprehension of all this; whereas body is utterly stupid
 “ and insensible.”

Thoughts on Religion, p. 148.

manner, upon some occasions, when we should little expect it. We may be assured he has reasons, and the best reasons, for his conduct, in all cases whatever. We are ill judges of propriety. We see but a little way. Every supernatural interposition may, for any thing we know to the contrary, have consequences very important, and extremely remote,² though it may appear to us insignificant in no small degree. Our business therefore is not with the importance of supernatural interpositions, but with the interpositions themselves. If the facts are once established, we may be assured there is a reason for them

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“In heaven’s great and constant effort for our welfare is cap-
tally written the dignity of man. That is a key to the moral
world, and opens, and explains the reason of all God’s,
otherwise mysterious, conduct in it. Every step of which is
evidently calculated for man’s present, or future, felicity; or
both. The long shining series, the golden chain of all
God’s marvellous acts, from the beginning to the close of
time, speaks his uninterrupted regard for human nature; and
what can more loudly proclaim human dignity than this?”

Young’s Centaur not Fabulous.

See some fine sentiments on the immortality of the soul in
Smith’s Select Discourses, p. 54—115.

²“Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,

“May, must be right, as relative to all.

“In human works, though labour’d on with pain,

“A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;

“In God’s, one single can its end produce;

“Yet serves to second too some other use.

“So man, who here seems principal alone,

“Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown;

“Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;

“’Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.”

POPE’S ESSAY ON MAN. B. I.

in the divine administration, and a reason sufficiently cogent.

But, waving all other, may not the Divine Being permit, occasionally, such events to happen as we have been speaking of, with intent to keep up in the minds of his creatures a persuasion of a separate state of existence, and of his own government of the world? If no other reason could be assigned, this alone appears to me sufficiently grand and important to justify such a proceeding. For, does it not seem proper, *a priori*, that man should be assured of his own immortality?³ And may not the Deity think good to confirm the declarations of his word, when his wisdom judges meet, by sensible appearances? Is it not fitting that he should govern his own world, and that his vice-gerent man should have every suitable proof, that he actually doth preside over the work of his own hands? Are not the bulk of mankind, notwithstanding all that hath been done to enlighten them, extremely low and grovelling in their views? Is not every attempt to meliorate our race, and raise us from the ruins of our fall, comparatively, to little purpose? And has not the experience that many men have of significant dreams and night-visions a more powerful effect upon their minds, than

³Mr. Lock has written at large on the nature of body and spirit in his excellent "Essay concerning Human Understanding;" and he tells us, that "we have as clear a notion of the substance of spirit, as we have of body," and that "the idea which belongs to spirit is at least as clear as that which belongs to body." Vol. I. p. 247.

than the most pure and refined precepts? It should seem then, that the belief of these supernatural phenomena, upon certain occasions, is so far from being weak and enthusiastic, as our rational gentry, *falsely* so called, pretend, that it is consistent with the soundest principles of reason and religion;⁴ and that whosoever, *universally*, rejects the doctrine, swallows absurdities infinitely greater than those he wishes to avoid.

The sum of what has been said is this: Monitory dreams and nocturnal visions, of various kinds, have been frequent from the earliest accounts of time. We have all the evidence of this fact that we have for any other facts recorded in history. Sacred and profane story are equally full and satisfactory upon the subject. Several of those we have produced, can, I apprehend, neither be fairly denied nor accounted for, upon any other principle, than that of

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“ It is perfectly consistent with our fullest belief of a merciful providence, that some occasional evidences should be given of a state after death: nor does it at all lessen this probability, that instances of such appearances are very rare, because whenever they have happened, or do happen, it is to be supposed, that reasons subsist for it, which are at present unknown to us. Witchcraft is perverting nature; but this is not the case with apparitions any more than dreams, and many other proofs that are given of the compound nature of man. We confess, indeed, that this is a subject enveloped in considerable obscurity, and that it is the source of much weakness and imposture; but all this will not warrant a peremptory conclusion against the hypothesis of apparitions, because it is a subject, of which we are not as yet competent to judge.”

EUROPEAN MAG. for Feb. 1792. p. 109

an agency distinct and separate from the mind of man, and the common, well known powers of human nature. All those cases from the bible, namely, the first seventeen in this collection, seem to be directly from God, or his holy angels. Those from the Heathen authors and other Ancients appear to have come from some separate existences, good or bad. But that of Alexander the Great, number 33, is particularly worthy of heavenly communication. Number 76 appears to have been from the Holy Spirit of God, agreeably to the oeconomy of the gospel. Numbers 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 44, 45, 46, 49, 51, 52, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 62, 69, 70, 71, 73, 74, 75, and 77, seem all likewise to have been the effects of angelic influence upon the human mind. If any persons should be disposed to object to the supposition, let them recollect, that the agency of angels is every where inculcated in the holy scriptures; and, particularly, that they have their several distinct charges.—*Take heed,* says our blessed Saviour, *that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.*⁵ And St Paul says, *Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?*⁶

Others

⁵Mat. 18. 10.—⁶Heb. 1. 14.—Let the Reader, who wishes for more satisfaction, consult archbishop Tillotson's 75th Sermon on "The nature, office, and employment of good angels."

Others of the foregoing cases prove incontestably the separate existence of human spirits; that man doth not die like the beasts that perish; and that neither doth his soul sleep in the dust with the body till the morning of the resurrection; but that he continues to exist, in a state of real sensibility, good or bad, according to his conduct in the present life. This, I think, is clear from Numbers 41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 53, 55, 58, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, and 72. If the truth of any one, or more, of these facts should be called in question, yet there are others of them attended with all the evidence of which any thing of the kind is capable. An unbeliever may cavil with them, and raise several plausible objections against the whole, as he may do against every thing else, even the truth of scripture and the existence of God (Voltaire has done the former, and Hammon the latter) but one may defy any man to give a fair, clear, solid answer to each of the above cases, on any other supposition than that which is admitted in these papers; or, at least, on the mere acknowledged principles of human nature.

If all this is so (and let him deny it who can; though I know, as is just observed, ingenious men will prove or disprove any thing, it matters not by what kind of evidence) if, I say, all this is so, what becomes of the gloomy principle of our modern Sadducees, who pretend the soul sleeps in the dust with the body? For, one single, well authenticated, instance

stance of a human soul's being permitted to revisit the frail abodes of mortals, after dissolution, overturns their whole hypothesis root and branch. Indeed, that one declaration of our Saviour might suffice, if there were no other recorded in holy scripture:—*Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.*⁷ The parable of the rich man and Lazarus is still stronger, if possible, for the doctrine of a separate existence, and an immediate consciousness of happiness or misery after the dissolution of our bodies⁸:—*There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full*

⁷Mat. 10. 28. Dr. Jortin reasons thus upon this text:—"If the soul hath such a necessary dependence upon the body, that when this dies, that dies with it,—then he who kills the body, would with the same stroke kill the soul also. But our Saviour tells us that this is impossible, because the soul remains after the dissolution of the body, or is out of the reach of human or created power. If it be said that our Saviour only means the utter and eternal destruction of the soul, which no one can effect, because God hath promised us a resurrection to a second life, this would be a mere shift to avoid the force of a plain text. For in this flat and far-fetched sense, our Lord might as well have denied that men can kill the body, because at the resurrection we shall again consist of soul and body, knowing ourselves to be the same persons that we were before".

Sermons, vol. 2. p. 371.

⁸Homer introduces the departed spirit of Patroclus as appearing to Achilles in his sleep in the twenty third book of his Iliad, with great beauty, where he gives us the sentiments of the Ancients on the subject of separate existence. It will gratify the English reader to lay the passage before him in the words of Mr. Pope.

*full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs
which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs
came*

—“Great Pelides, stretch'd along the shore,
“ Where dash'd on rocks the broken billows roar,
“ Lies inly groaning; while on either hand
“ The martial Myrmidons confus'dly stand.
“ Along the grass his languid members fall,
“ Tir'd with his chase around the Trojan wall;
“ Hush'd by the murmurs of the rolling deep,
“ At length he sinks in the soft arms of sleep.
“ When lo! the shade, before his closing eyes,
“ Of sad Patroclus rose, or seem'd to rise;
“ In the same robe he living wore, he came;
“ In stature, voice, and pleasing look the same.
“ The form familiar hover'd o'er his head,
“ And sleeps Achilles (thus the phantom said) }
“ Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead? }
“ Living I seem'd his dearest, tend'rest care,
“ But now forgot, I wander in the air.
“ Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,
“ And give me entrance in the realms below:
“ 'Till then, the spirit finds no resting place,
“ But here and there, the unbody'd spectres chase
“ The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
“ Forbid to cross th' irremeable flood.
“ Now give thy hand; for to the farther shore
“ When once we pass, the soul returns no more:
“ When once the last funereal flames ascend,
“ No more shall meet Achilles and his friend;
“ No more our thoughts to those we lov'd make known;
“ Or quit the dearest, to converse alone.
.....
“ 'Tis true, 'tis certain; man, tho' dead, retains
“ Part of himself; th' immortal mind remains:
“ The form subsists without the body's aid,
“ A'erial semblance, and an empty shade!”

In the above passage Homer followed the philosophy of the Egyptians, who supposed man to be compounded of three parts, an intelligent mind, a vehicle for that mind, and a body. St. Paul seems to have had the same ideas when he said to the Thessalonians, *I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body, may be preserved blameless.* See more to the same purpose in the notes of Pope's transla-

came and licked his sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried, and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed: so that they which would pass from hence to you, cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence. Then he said, I pray thee therefore, father, that thou wouldest send to my father's house: for I have five brethren; that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torment. Abraham saith unto him, They have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him, If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

This is the parable. The poor man died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

What

tion of Homer's Iliad, book 23, line 92, &c. See also the sixth book of Virgil's AENEIS.—Consult likewise Cicero's Tusculan Disputations.

What was carried? Not his body surely. That was committed to the dust from whence it was taken. But his spiritual part, after its separation from the body, was immediately conducted by the angels of God to the bosom of Abraham, the father of the faithful.—*To Abraham's bosom.*—Does not this also imply, that Abraham was, not only in a state of conscious existence, but of actual happiness?—*The rich man also died, and was buried, and in hell he lift up his eyes.* His body with great pomp and state was interred among his ancestors, but his soul, the immortal part of his nature, was immediately sensible of having died out of the favour of it's Maker.

If it should be replied, that all this is but a parable. It is true. But parables, though not real histories, are figurative representations of real truths. And one of the truths represented by this parable, is the immediate happiness and misery of the souls of the rich man and Lazarus, after the death of their bodies. But if real histories and matters of fact might be of greater avail in this business, a very remarkable one presents itself, as directly to our present purpose as possible:—*And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter, and John, and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering. And behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which*
be

he should accomplish at Jerusalem. But Peter, and they that were with him, were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him. And it came to pass, as they departed from him, Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias: not knowing what he said. While he thus spake there came a cloud, and overshadowed them: and they feared as they entered into the cloud. And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son; hear him. And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone: and they kept it close, and told no man in those days any of those things which they had seen.⁹

Thus it may be observed, here is, first, a positive declaration from the mouth of the Saviour of the world, that the soul of man cannot die.¹ Here is then, secondly, a parabolical representation of real, sensible,

⁹Luke 9. 28—36.

¹There are various arguments from nature and reason, besides those infallible ones adduced from holy scripture, in favour of the soul's immortality, which seem to me incapable of any solid and satisfactory answer. Mr. Addison has thrown some of them together at one view, in those well known and justly admired lines, which he puts into the mouth of Cato:—

- “ It must be so—Plato, thou reason’st well!
- “ Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
- “ This longing after immortality?
- “ Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
- “ Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
- “ Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
- “ ’Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
- “ ’Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
- “ And intimates eternity to man.——

sensible, conscious existence, and immediate happiness or misery after dissolution. And then here is, thirdly, a plain, historical matter of fact, that two persons the most renowned among the saints of the Old Testament (one being the giver, and the other the restorer, of the law) appeared on earth, and conversed with the Lord Jesus Christ concerning his approaching death. This seems a sufficient answer to every objection. It is impossible *fairly* to set the evidence

- “ The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
- “ At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
- “ The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
- “ Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
- “ But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
- “ Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
- “ The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

This is the soliloquy of the above celebrated Roman. The no less celebrated Athenian, Alcibiades, though a man of a boundless love of pleasure, has delivered one of a similar kind:—“ I am now wholly
 “ alone, my ears are not entertained with music, my eyes with
 “ beauty, nor any of my senses so forcibly affected, as to divert the
 “ course of my inward thoughts: methinks there is something sacred in myself, now I am alone. What is this being of mine?
 “ I came into it without my choice; and yet Socrates says it is to
 “ be imputed to me. In this repose of my senses, wherein they communicate nothing strongly to myself, I taste, methinks, a being
 “ distinct from their operation. Why may not then my soul exist,
 “ when she is wholly gone out of these organs? I can perceive my
 “ faculties grow stronger, the less I admit the pleasures of sense;
 “ and the nearer I place myself to a bare existence, the more worthy, the more noble, the more celestial does that existence appear
 “ to me. If my soul is weakened rather than improved by all that
 “ the body administers to her, she may reasonably be supposed to
 “ be designed for a mansion more suitable than this, wherein what
 “ delights her diminishes her excellence, and that which afflicts her
 “ adds to her perfection. There is an hereafter, and I will not
 “ fear to be immortal for the sake of Athens.”

evidence aside. One had been dead many hundreds of years, and the other translated, that he should not see death, and yet both appeared, and were seen conversing with Jesus, by three witnesses the most unexceptionable, who either sealed, or were at all times ready to seal, their testimony with their blood. And it seems to me, that one such clear, indisputable fact speaks more powerfully than a thousand subtil reasonings, made use of by vain and self-conceited philosophers,² upon any given subject whatever. But if these facts should appear to be many in number, and *the spirits of just men made perfect* should have frequently visited our world, by the high permission of heaven, then it must be allowed, that a state of separate existence is according to the general laws of nature, and a fundamental principle of God's eternal empire.³

From

²True philosophy is the handmaid of true religion. But there is a spurious kind of wisdom much in vogue, which assumes the name, and which yet is a stranger to the nature of true philosophy. The followers of this specious wisdom are usually mighty pretenders to reason, freedom of thought, liberality of sentiment, and a great many other fine things, with which they amuse themselves and their friends, while, at the same time, they are the mere slaves of their lusts and disorderly inclinations. Or if they are decent in their morals, they are usually under the dominion of pride, conceitedness, and various other vices of the mind.—*From such turn away.*

³The existence of the human soul in a separate state, as a principle distinct from the body, is a doctrine frequently and strongly inculcated in holy scripture. The above three passages to that purpose appear to me unanswerable: at least I have never seen any tolerable answer given to them. I will, however, in this note throw a few other scriptures promiscuously together, which, by a just and fair interpretation, seem clearly to convey the same meaning:—*And the*

From the foregoing extraordinary relations, and these reasonings upon them, it appears, I think, first, that there is a God, because there can be no effect without a cause. Secondly, that this God undoubtedly exerciseth a particular providence among mankind, either by his own direct agency, or the agen-

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cy

Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul, Gen. 2. 7.—Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it, Ecc. 12. 7.—Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise, Luke 23. 43.—Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit, Luke 23. 46.—Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, Acts 7. 59.—Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations, Luke 16. 9.—A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have, Luke 24. 39.—I think it right as long as I am in this tabernacle to stir you up, knowing that shortly I must put off my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me, 2 Pet. 1. 13, 14.—I knew a man in Christ about fourteen years ago, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth; such an one caught up to the third heaven. And I knew such a man, whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell: God knoweth; how that he was caught up into Paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter; 2 Cor. 12. 2—4.—I pray God your whole spirit, soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1 Thes. 5. 23.—We know if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven, knowing that while we sojourn in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. And we labour, whether present or absent, to be accepted of him, 2 Cor. 5. 1—9.—To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.—I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better, Phil. 1. 21. 23.—The last passage of scripture I shall mention, is that remarkable one in the book of Revelation, where the souls of the righteous are described as in a waking condition. I saw, says St. John, under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God; and they cried, How long, O Lord holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood? And it was said to them that they should still rest for a little season, Rev. 6. 9, 10.

cy of angels, who are his ministers in the government of the world. And, thirdly, that the souls of men do actually exist in a state of sensibility and activity, after they are separated from the body.³

Let

³The excellent bishop Bull before mentioned, all whose works are highly to be valued, and should be in the hands of every clergyman, has two discourses upon the state of man after death. The former attempts to prove, that "the soul of man subsists after death in a place of abode provided by God for it till the resurrection;" and the latter is "concerning the middle state of happiness or misery allotted by God to every man presently after death, according as he has been good or bad in his past life."—Dr. Jortin has also a good sermon upon "the intermediate state between death and the resurrection." It is the 19th in the second volume. He there observes, that "the subsistence of the soul after the death of the body appears to be the doctrine of Christ and his Apostles delivered in the New Testament. To this it should be added," continues he, "that the Fathers of the church, who lived in or near the times of the Apostles, were unanimous in this opinion, and persuaded that the soul of every man, upon the dissolution of the body, died not, but had a proper place to go to.

—"The same opinion was also, by a tradition from the remotest antiquity, adopted by all the civilized Heathen nations in Greece, and in the East; and indeed in those parts of the world which have been more lately discovered, in the vast regions of America."

The above bishop Bull likewise, speaking of the opinions of the Christian Fathers concerning the state of human souls after death, says, "I do affirm the consentient and constant doctrine of the primitive church to be this—That the souls of all the faithful, immediately after death, enter into a place and state of bliss, far exceeding all the felicities of this world, though short of that most consummate, perfect beatitude of the kingdom of heaven, with which they are to be crowned and rewarded in the resurrection. And so on the contrary, that the souls of all the wicked are presently after death in a state of very great misery; and yet dreading a far greater misery at the day of judgment." Vol. 1. p. 102.

The celebrated Dr. Clarke is of the same opinion: "In the intermediate separate state," says this great man, "between death and judgment, when the vanities of this deceitful world shall be at an end, and the delusions and false colours here put upon things shall all entirely disappear; the natural effects and impressions made by virtuous and vicious habits upon the minds of men, will be still more lively and sensible. Besides; in that

Let not unthinking men, therefore, who are enslaved by their passions, take refuge in this groundless persuasion, that when they die they shall be no more; that they shall never be called to any account; but shall sleep sweetly in the dust through everlasting ages, or at least for many thousands of years till the resurrection, which, they fondly hope, may never happen. For let them be assured there is a retribution day at no great distance, when the Judge of all the earth will call us to a strict account for every thing done here below. Let them read the foregoing relations of supernatural interpositions with attention; let them examine the holy scriptures with seriousness and impartiality; let them consult their own minds and consciences; and then let them soberly, and in the fear of God declare, whether they have no uneasy apprehensions concerning the consequence of their present irreligious conduct. *Surely there is a God that judgeth the earth, and taketh notice*

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of

“state, the righteous cannot but be very happy, through the certain expectation of that crown of righteousness, which they know the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give them at that day; and the wicked, on the contrary, cannot but be made very miserable, by a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, though the irreversible sentence shall not be actually executed upon them before the great day.”*

Tillotson has two good discourses on this subject, namely, the 24th and 184th, which should be well considered by those persons who have any doubts upon their minds concerning the future destination of human spirits.

See also the second of Dr. Bentley's Sermons at Boyle's Lecture on the immortality of the soul, where all the sophistry of materialism is refuted with great learning and ability.

* Sermons, vol. 7. p. 263.

of the behaviour of men. And all our infidelity, and inattention to the calls of virtue and religion, all our drollery and wanton profaneness upon the awful interpositions of heaven, may entertain, for a season, our deluded companions in vice and folly, but assuredly they will be sharp arrows and hot burning coals in our spirits on a dying pillow, and the day of final retribution.* Nothing upon earth can prevent

*We have a remarkable instance of a gentleman of this description, and in this situation, recorded in the 81st paper of the Guardian. Would men of similar characters attend to it in time, it might be of all conceivable advantage to them:—

“ Oh, almighty Being! how shall I look up towards thee, when I
 “ reflect that I am of no consideration but as I have offended? My
 “ existence, O my God, without thy mercy, is not to be prolonged
 “ in this or another world but for my punishment. I apprehend;
 “ oh my Maker, let it not be too late; I apprehend, and tremble
 “ at thy presence. And shall I not consider thee, who art all goodness,
 “ but with terror? Oh! my Redeemer, do thou behold my
 “ anguish. Turn to me, thou Saviour of the world; who has offended
 “ like me! Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of thy presence;
 “ let me fall down in it: I humble myself in contrition of heart.
 “ But, alas! I have not only swerved from thee, but have laboured
 “ against thee. If thou dost pardon what I have committed, how
 “ wilt thou pardon what I have made others commit? I have rejoiced
 “ in ill, as in a prosperity. Forgive, oh my God, all who
 “ have offended by my persuasion, all who have transgressed by my
 “ example. Canst thou, O God, accept of the confession of old
 “ age, to expiate all the labour and industry of youth spent in transgressions
 “ against thee! While I am still alive, let me implore
 “ thee to recall to thy grace all whom I have made to sin. Let, oh
 “ Lord, thy goodness admit of his prayer for their pardon, by
 “ whose instigation they have transgressed. Accept, O God, of
 “ this interval of age between my sinful days and the hour of my
 “ dissolution, to wear away the corrupt habits in my soul, and prepare
 “ myself for the mansions of purity and joy. Impute not to
 “ me, oh my God, the offences I may give, after my death, to
 “ those I leave behind me; let me not transgress when I am no
 “ more seen: but prevent the ill effects of my ill-applied studies,
 “ and receive me into thy mercy.”

‘ It is the most melancholy circumstance that can be imagined to be on a death bed, and wish all that a man has most laboured to

vent the most fatal consequences taking place, but a speedy returning from the error of our ways unto the service of the living and true God. A door of hope is set open, even for the profligate and abandoned sinner; and nothing can by any means shut it, but our own obstinate and perverse unbelief. The Son of God hath died an atoning death, and removed every impediment out of the way of our salvation. Only let us repent, believe, and obey the gospel, and whatever our past conduct may have been, we shall live forever. *There is balm in Gilead, there is a physician there.* The blood of Christ is of

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sovereign

“ bring to pass, were obliterated for ever. How emphatically worse is this, than having passed all ones days in idleness? Yet this is the frequent case of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monstrous, that the love of fame, and value of the fashion of the world, can transport a man so far, as even in solitude to act with so little reflection upon his real interest. This is premeditated madness; for it is an error done with the assistance of all the faculties of the mind.

“ When every circumstance about us is a constant admonition, how transient is every labour of man, it should, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one’s self to consider the emptiness of all our endeavours. But I was not a little charmed the other day, when sitting with an old friend, and communing together on such subjects, he expressed himself after this manner :—

“ It is unworthy a Christian philosopher, to let any thing here below stand in the least competition with his duty. In vain is reason fortified by faith, if it produces in our practice no greater effects than what reason wrought in mere man.

“ I condemn, (in dependence on the support of Heaven I speak it) I condemn all which the generality of mankind call great and glorious. I will no longer think or act like a mortal; but consider myself as a being that commenced at my birth, and is to endure to all eternity. The accident of death will not end, but improve my being. I will think of myself, and provide for myself, as an immortal; and I will do nothing now which I do not believe I shall approve a thousand years hence.”

sovereign virtue, and no man ever sincerely believed in him and was confounded. "Millions of souls in "glory now" were once entangled as we are, tied and bound with the chains of their sins, as we many of us still continue to be, who yet by virtue of that blood, and the efficacy of God's Spirit, found both the guilt and power of sin removed. Why then, why shall not we be free? Why shall we live as though we should never die? Are we happy in our present folly? And do we feel confidence that all shall end as we could wish in the moment of nature's extremity?" Have we not immortal spirits within us, which

'The letter written from the younger Villiers Duke of Buckingham upon his death-bed, to the profoundly learned Dr. Barrow, contains a very important and highly useful lesson to us all, and is more especially applicable to the gay and thoughtless young people of the age. It is as follows:

"Dear Doctor,

"I always looked upon you as a man of true virtue; and know you to be a person of sound judgment. For, however "I may act in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you, I had always the highest veneration for both. The world and I may shake hands: for, "I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O Doctor, "what a prodigal have I been of the most valuable of all possessions, time! I have squandered it away, with a persuasion it was "lasting: and now, when a few days would be worth a hecatomb "of worlds, I cannot flatter myself with a prospect of half a dozen "hours.

"How despicable is that man, who never prays to his God, but "in the time of his distress! In what manner can he supplicate that "omnipotent Being in his affliction, with reverence, whom, in the "tide of his prosperity, he never remembered with dread? Do not "brand me with infidelity, when I tell you I am almost ashamed to "offer up my petitions to the throne of grace; or of imploring that "divine mercy in the next world, which I have so scandalously abused in this. Shall ingratitude to man be looked on as the "blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult "offered to the king be looked on in the most offensive light; and

which pant for something higher and better than we ever yet possessed? If we have, let us listen to the invitation of the Evangelical prophet. He will tell us where the longings of our souls may be satisfi-

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ed

“ yet no notice taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

“ The companions of my former libertinism would scarce believe their eyes, were you to shew them this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity. They are more entitled to my pity than my resentment. A future state may very well strike terror into any man, who has not acted well in his life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed, who does not shrink at the presence of his God.

“ You see, my dear Doctor, the apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of their understanding. I am haunted by remorse, despised by my acquaintance, and, I fear, forsaken by my God. There is nothing so dangerous, my dear Doctor, as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was one possessed of uncommon qualifications; as I sincerely regret that I was ever blest with any at all. My rank in life still made these accomplishments more conspicuous; and, fascinated with the general applause which they procured, I never considered about the proper means, by which they should be displayed. Hence, to purchase a smile from a blockhead, whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtuous with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but my contempt.

“ Your men of wit, my dear Doctor, look on themselves as discharged from the duties of religion; and confine the doctrine of the gospel to people of meaner understandings: and look on that man to be of a narrow genius, who studies to be good. What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment! Favour me, my dear Doctor, with a visit as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease. I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you. My distemper is powerful. Come and pray for the departing spirit of the unhappy

BUCKINGHAM.”

Arminian Mag. vol. 13. p. 433.—Let the Reader consult the account of the Honourable Francis Newport's last moments, in the first vol. of Sacred Literature, p. 141, which is one of the most affecting narratives recorded in any language.

ed: *Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.*⁶ In this remarkable passage God calls us to turn from the vanities of the world, to believe in his Son, and to imbibe the Spirit's chearing influence. Let us hearken unto him, then, and our souls shall live. We shall flourish and blossom like the rose *in all the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.* The peace of our minds shall even now be such as we never did or could enjoy, in pursuing *the lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life.* Enjoyments of this nature leave an aching void within, which never can be filled, till the pure and refined pleasures of religion are experienced in the bosom. "The soul's calm sun shine
 "and the heart-felt joy;" *the peace of God which passeth all understanding;* "the tears that speak, and
 "the sighs that waft the soul to heaven," are all the present effects and rewards of genuine religion. These we all may have, in a greater or less degree,
 whenever

⁶Is. 55. 1—3.

whenever we turn unto God by penitence and prayer. And as we continue to tread the paths of virtue, and advance to greater lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights of holiness and devotedness to the God of our salvation, *our peace shall flow as a river, and our righteousness abound as the waves of the sea.* In waiting upon the Lord from time to time we *shall renew our strength, we shall mount up with wings as eagles; we shall run and not be weary, and we shall walk and not faint.* We *shall delight ourselves in the Lord, and he will cause us to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed us with the heritage of Jacob, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*

But if, on the contrary, we turn a deaf ear to all the calls and admonitions of God and conscience, of virtue and religion: if we are resolved to take our swing of sensual pleasures, and not to withhold our heart from any wanton joy: if we determine to turn our backs on God, and our faces towards the silly vanities of the world, which never did, neither ever can yield us solid satisfaction; then let us listen to what the Lord God will say concerning us, and tremble for our own safety: *The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked.—Cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field. Cursed shall be thy basket and thy store. Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body and the fruit of thy land, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Cursed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and cursed shalt thou be when thou goest out.* Yea, all the curses which are written in the book of
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the law of God shall come upon thee and overtake thee. *Yet a little while and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. For the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs: they shall consume, into smok shall they consume away.*—*I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree; yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.*

All this is true, with respect to the bodies, families, and worldly circumstances of ungodly men. With respect to their future condition we can be at no loss to determine. It is engraven as with the point of a diamond, in various parts of that book, which was long since written, by holy men under divine influence, for our instruction. I will recite only one passage:—*The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day.*⁷² Not to know God, and not to obey the gospel of his Son, is to be exposed to all the horrors of the divine indignation.

And as all the denunciations of heaven will have a most assured accomplishment upon the proper objects

⁷² 2 Thes. 1. 7—10. See also Mat. 7. 13. 14. Mark 9. 43—48, and many others.

jects of them, we may be equally assured the promises of God to the pious and virtuous, the religious and moral, shall not fail of their design. For as is the majesty of the Divine Being, so is his mercy. *He is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. He is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Yea, as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far will he remove our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth: for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.* You that are religious characters need not be afraid, therefore, lest God should deal hardly by you, or lest you should be forgotten and neglected among the infinity of beings, which he hath continually under his care. Neither need you to fear lest your disembodied spirit^s should
lose

^s“ If we consider the dignity of an intelligent Being, and put that in the scales against brute inanimate matter, we may affirm, without over-valuing human nature, that the soul of one virtuous and religious man is of greater worth and excellency than the sun and his planets, and all the stars in the world.”—If this is the case, good men need not be afraid lest the Divine Being should desert and neglect them in the moment of nature's greatest need.

See Dr. Bentley's Sermons at Boyle's Lecture, p. 259.

lose its way amidst the immensity of his works. He will give his angels charge over you, and they shall conduct you safe into the place appointed for you. "Make you his service your delight, he'll make your wants his care." He may not indeed favour you with any of those monitory dreams and nocturnal visions, of which we have been discoursing. Nor is it needful he should. These are the privileges of few, and make no essential part of any man's happiness, though they may answer very important ends in the Divine administration.⁹ But—which is of much greater consequence—of this you may be assured, he will order the whole course of his providence in such a manner, that you shall be made the most compleatly happy you are capable of being. And, ere long, your eliminated soul shall expatiate on all the wonders of his works, the rectitude of his government, and the glories of his nature and perfections through everlasting ages. Blessed shall you be while you live, and eternally blessed when

⁹Nothing can be more vague and delusive than the common dreams, of which most men are more or less sensible; and it argues a weak and superstitious mind to pay any serious regard to them. We should, however, at the same time be cautious, lest we deviate into the contrary extreme, and treat the *real* interpositions of heaven as the delusions of a disordered imagination. To avoid the imputation of superstition we must not recur to infidelity and scepticism. Better believe too much than too little. A good general rule in this case may be the following:—Any admonition in our sleep, by an attention to which we should do some good, escape some evil, and sustain no injury; or by an attention to which we shall in any measure become wiser and better, may safely be attended to. To treat all others with a steady disregard will be for our comfort and satisfaction, and display our good sense and strength of understanding.

when you die. *Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field. Blessed shall be the fruit of thy body, and the fruit of thy ground, and the fruit of thy cattle, the increase of thy kine, and the flocks of thy sheep. Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store. Blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.* Yea, all the blessings which are written in the book of the law of God shall come upon thee and overtake thee. And when nature's period shall arrive, and you shall turn your face to the wall, and bid adieu to men and things below, the eyes of your spirit shall open upon the eternal world, and you shall come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. Having been delivered out of great tribulation, and washed your robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, you shall be before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among you. You shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall heat or cold annoy you. But the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed you, and shall lead you unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. Happy shall you be that ever you were born. The end of your creation shall be answered. And rap-
turous

turous hymns and songs of praise shall ascend from your glorified spirit through everlasting ages. Then shall you be made fully acquainted with the secrets of the invisible world. The nature of angels¹⁰ and spirits, and all the reasons of their secret agency, which at present causes such terror and amazement to poor mortals, will be developed to your full satisfaction

¹⁰See two valuable discourses on "the Nature and Employment of good Angels," in bishop Conybeare's Sermons, vol. 2. p. 267. &c.—I have been pleased with the view which bishop Burnet gives us of invisible beings:—"We perceive", says this able writer, "that we ourselves, and the rest of mankind, have thinking principles within us; so from thence it is easy enough for us to apprehend, that there may be other thinking beings, which either have no bodies at all, but act purely as intellectual substances; or if they have bodies, that they are so subtilised as to be capable of a vast quickness of motion, such in proportion as we perceive to be in our animal spirits, which in the minute that our minds command them, are raising motions in the remotest parts of our bodies. Such bodies may also be so thin as to be invisible to us; and as among men some are good and some bad, and of the bad some seem to be determinedly, and as to all appearance, incurably bad; so there may have been a time and state of liberty, in which those spirits were left to their choice, whether they would continue in their innocence, or fall from it; and such as continued, might be forever fixed in that state, or exalted to higher degrees in it: And such as fell from it, might fall irrecoverably into a state of utter apostacy from God, and of rebellion against him. There is nothing in this theory that is incredible. Therefore if the scriptures have told us any thing concerning it, we have no reason to be prejudiced against them upon that account. Besides that, there are innumerable histories in many several countries and ages of the world, of extraordinary apparitions,* and other unaccountable performances that could only have been done by invisible powers. Many of these are so well attested, that it argues a strange pitch of obstinacy, to refuse to believe a matter of fact when it is well vouched, and when there is nothing in reason to oppose it, but an unwillingness to believe invisible beings. It is true, this is an argument in which a fabulous humour will go far, and in which some are so credulous as to swal-

*See the apparition of Sichæus, Virgil's *Æneid*, b. 1. l. 253—359.

See also Burnet's *Life of Rochester*, p. 16—20.

faction. In the mean time, be patient; enquire not too curiously into the mysteries of the unseen world, but do what God hath commanded you, and *quit yourselves like men; be strong, yea, be strong.* See that you *do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God.* Practice rather than profess. Say little, do much. If you enjoy faith in Christ, *add to that faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity.* Strive to *present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.* Lay yourselves out to the utmost of your abilities, your time, your fortune, and your influence, to promote the glory of God and the general welfare of mankind. At the same time be not wanting to yourselves. Keep under your own bodies, and bring them into subjection; lest that by any means, while you are labouring to do good to others, ye yourselves should become castaways.¹² To perish as a common sinner is dreadful

“ low down every thing: Therefore all wise men ought to suspend
“ their belief, and not to go too fast; but when things are so un-
“ deniably attested, that there is no reason to question the exactness
“ or the credit of the witnesses, it argues a mind unreasonably
“ prepossessed to reject all such evidence.”

Exposition of the 39 Articles, p. 43.

¹²I have often been affected with the final scene of the excellent Grotius. To one that admired his great industry he said, “ Ah! I have wasted my life in a laborious doing of nothing.”—And to another, “ I would give all my learning and honour for the plain integrity of Jean Urick.” This Jean Urick was a religious poor man, who spent eight hours of his time in prayer, eight in labour, and but eight in meals, sleep and other necessities. Though

ful: but to perish as a professor of the pure and holy religion of Christ is much more dreadful.¹³

Profess therefore what you please; but be what you profess

Grotius was a great and good man he seems to have been uncomfortable in his mind, and to have lived beneath the privileges of the gospel dispensation. For *the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost*. And those who serve God with true freedom of mind and in the genuine spirit of the gospel, *abound in joy through the power of the Holy Ghost: the fruit of the Spirit being love, peace, joy, and every other affection of the mind*, which can constitute a human being holy and happy here, and prepare him for glory and immortality hereafter. Such happy beings do not so much suffer the stroke of death, as they triumph over it. While to others, whose minds are clouded with guilt, and the sense of an absent God, he is the king of terrors; to them who walk in the true liberty of the gospel, and feel the joys of pardoned sin, he is a messenger of peace. And the language of their quivering lips is—*O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!*

¹³See Mat. 11, 20—25.—A Methodist Preacher in America, some years ago, had a dream, that the day of judgment was come, and that all the world was summoned to the supreme tribunal. He thought he saw the whole process. The innumerable multitude of creatures divided to the right and left. He himself was of the latter description. After the sentence was past, he thought he sunk gradually down till he came to hell. No sooner was he there than the devils left off tormenting one another, and all turned upon him. With horrible cries and shouts of triumph they called aloud, “A Methodist Preacher! A Methodist Preacher!” kicking him about from place to place, and exerting all their skill in torture; shouting and yelling ever and anon, “A Methodist Preacher! A Methodist Preacher!” An admirable lesson this, not only to that society of men, but Preachers of every description! I do not, however, apprehend there was any thing supernatural in it. I mention it here rather as a curious, than as a supernatural, night-vision. The Reader may rank it under what denomination he pleases.—

I recollect perfectly well, that upwards of twenty years ago, I had a dream of a similar kind, which made a considerable impression upon my mind at the time, and which I have ever since retained fresh in my memory, with all its circumstances. The substance was as follows:—I thought the day of judgment was come. The Son of God descended in the clouds of heaven, surrounded with a numerous host of Angels. He came as quick as lightening. An Archangel preceded with a trumpet,

profess. Sincerity is the soul of religion. The greatest abilities without it, are in the sight of God of little estimation: the meanest talents with it, are a sacrifice acceptable and well pleasing unto him, when offered on the altar of the cross. Let no one therefore deceive himself: *God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*

and founded the awful summons—"Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!—Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" The sound of the trumpet was so exceedingly loud and shrill that it seemed to pierce my very soul, and pervade universal nature. And no sooner had it sounded, but the dead arose out of their graves on every hand, where they had lain interred for ages. I beheld the imperfect skeletons forming, and bone uniting itself to bone. I heard them rattle against each other as they formed their junction. All the ground seemed to be rising into life around me.—I fled in wild dismay, and begun to call on the rocks to hide me, conscious of being unprepared to meet the Judge. The fright awaked me, and I was infinitely overjoyed to find it was but a dream!

The End.

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SOMNAMBULISM.—At the cavalry barracks attached to the Ecole Militaire at Paris the greater part of the 10th regiment of Chasseurs was suddenly woke one night last week by shouts of "Il est mort!" It was presently ascertained that a young Lancer had thrown himself out of the first floor window of the Ecole Militaire. His name was Charrier; he entered the service in 1836, was always well conducted, and no reasonable motive could be ascribed for the commission of the act, which proving fatal immediately after it was committed, no explanation could be got from the unfortunate young soldier himself. He was separated for a few days from his regiment, which is stationed at Versailles, having been brought up to Paris to give his testimony as a witness. The occurrence was subsequently explained by his regimental comrade stating the fact that he was addicted to somnambulism, and the circumstances were as follow:—During the course of the day he had gone out, in company with a Dragoon, to take a stroll through the streets of Paris. It had been his intention to visit his sister, a *bonne d'enfants*; but they had loitered so long elsewhere that this they found impossible; and the military hour of *couvre-feu* (curfew) arriving, they were forced to return to barracks. But Charrier being uneasy in mind, and dreaming, probably, of going to his sister's, ran during the night. Those who slept in the same room observed that he made his bed very carefully, put on his orderly jacket and his sabre, made a turn through the room, and then proceeded to open a window, which looked out on one of the courts of the military school. A sergeant of Chasseurs, whose bed was near this window, awakened by the cold, reproached the young lancer somewhat vehemently for opening the window at such a time and in such dreary weather. Whilst the sergeant was addressing him, Charrier put his leg through the window, muttered a few words, and flung himself on the pavement before the other could make the least movement to prevent him. The poor young soldier had been awake by the voice of the sergeant, and in his first movement of surprise mistook the window for his bed, and killed himself. *December 24, 1840*

A GHOST.—That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved in a well-attested fact, which we copy with the endorsement of the *Montreal Transcript*. Last Tuesday fortnight, as Mrs. ——— (a lady of literary taste and rather studious habits,) sat reading in her drawing-room, the clock on the mantel-piece struck twelve, and as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was suddenly flung open. In the act of raising her head to reprove the intrusion (unrung for) of her servant, her eye rested on the form of her late husband; she screamed, and fell senseless on the carpet. This brought up such members of the family as had not yet retired to rest; restoratives were administered; and when Mrs. ——— had regained possession of her suspended faculties, being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between the melancholy tale she had been perusing and her late loss operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable her maid servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she had determined to consider a nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family. Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger, and in better spirits than she had enjoyed for several months past, Mrs. ——— dispensed with the presence of her attendant, retiring alone to her chamber, and went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck twelve she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen advancing from the table (on which stood her lamp), till it stood opposite to, and drew aside the curtains of her bed. A sense of suffocating oppression deprived her of all power to scream aloud. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes once beaming with affection, were now fixed in stern regard on the trembling half dissolved being, who, with the courage of desperation, thus abjured him:—"Charles! Charles! why are you come again?"—"Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in its hand a small roll of written paper, "Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!"—*American Paper.*

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.

July

[FROM THE HEREFORD TIMES.]

6-1841

A most extraordinary case of somnambulism occurred in this city on Friday last. We can vouch for the facts as we are about to relate them, as they transpired within our own cognizance, and all the parties are personally known to us. On Friday morning, at half-past five o'clock, a resident in Widemarsh-street was awakened by the violent ringing of his door bell; not hearing any servant answer a second ring, he rung his bell for the man servant, which, however, was not answered. He then jumped out of bed, and pulling aside the window blind, saw what he believed to be his own horse saddled and bridled in the street, and held by a strange man, habited as a labourer. Marvelling what could have brought his horse so unexpectedly to his door at so early an hour, he left his chamber, and at the bottom of the stairs called aloud to the man servant. One of the female domestics replied that he had gone down at five o'clock with the intention of going on the horse to Withington to see a cow which he was to look at for his master. The master then returned to his bed room, threw up the window, and, on inquiring the man's business, the reply was "Your man, sir, has been thrown from his horse in the meadow; I was just going by and saw him on the ground, his foot hanging in the stirrup, his face cut and bleeding, and the horse standing quietly by. I fear he is much hurt." I led him to my house near the turnpike, and there he is now. My wife has lighted a fire, for he is sitting in a chair shivering with cold, and cannot speak." The master immediately requested the messenger to lead the horse back and turn him into the meadow again, and stated that assistance would be forthwith sent. A surgeon and one of the domestics were quickly in attendance. The man was found exactly in the state described. The surgeon carefully examined the body, and happily found that no bone was broken, and no other perceptible injury than the wounds on the face. He was then led home, apparently insensible, only answering to every question put to him, "I don't know." He was conducted to his bed room, undressed, and put to bed; his eyes all the time being wide open, but fixed, and the pupils being much dilated. At nine o'clock he awoke, and the first question he asked, occasioned by his feeling his cheek sore and bleeding, and observed his clothes not in the position he had placed them the over night, "Where am I? What's the matter?" He positively had not, and he has not up to the present moment, the slightest recollection of a single circumstance that had occurred from the moment he dropped to sleep on the previous night, to the moment he awoke at nine o'clock in the morning!—We may state that it was his intention the previous night to go to Withington, and for this purpose he had put 6d. in his pocket to pay the gates; but he had not, and has not now, the least remembrance of rising, dressing himself, knocking at the girl's door, unlocking and unbolting the front door, walking down the street to the meadow, unlocking the gate, catching the horse, saddling and bridling it, falling off, being picked up, led to the man's house, being examined by the surgeon, led home, and put to bed!—of all these events he is perfectly oblivious. We may add that he is a steady sober person; and we pledge ourselves for the truth of the case as we have related it.

SOMNAMBULISM.—About one o'clock on Sunday morning, a servant in the house of Mr. Toolby, of Westgate-street, Gloucester, got up in her sleep, and opening a front room window on the second floor, walked herself out. The perpendicular height from the ground was upwards of 30 feet, and, had she fallen upon the pavement, in all probability she would have been killed; but she fell into the carriage-way, which, having been recently covered with a thick coating of loose gravel, fortunately broke her fall. A policeman on duty near the spot heard the window thrown up, and the fall of some heavy body, and on coming up found the poor creature lying in her night garments, in a state of insensibility. Surgical assistance was promptly procured for her, when it was found that not a bone was broken, and the injuries she had sustained were comparatively trifling.

A correspondent informs us that the following most singular coincidence occurred at Tullyellan Castle on Monday. One of the gardeners belonging to the castle, on coming to his work, related that he had dreamed the preceding night that Norman M'Kinlay, another of the gardeners, was shot. A third gardener, on coming up to his fellow-workmen in the morning, declared, without knowing any thing of the other's prediction, that he too had dreamed that Norman had been shot in front of the castle. As the day wore on, the joke went round that Norman was a doomed man; and, under the influence of superstitious dread, he was induced to make his will, in which he bequeathed his coat to one, and his bonnet to another. In the afternoon the gardeners were all employed in the flower-garden, and it so happened that a few young men were at the same time practising about 300 yards distant, but hid from observation by a rising ground, with fowling-pieces, at a target. Well, what could be more natural than that some of the balls should reach the flower-garden, and what still more so, that one of them should strike poor Norman. Such, we are informed, was the fact; but, most fortunately, the ball, after penetrating his vest, came in contact with his large gardener's knife in his pocket, which it shattered all to pieces, and then lodged in the vest. Poor Norman, upon being struck, immediately fell down, but soon rose, little the worse of his wound, though the mark made in his side by the knife is said to be distinctly visible.—*Striving Journal.*

Chronicle.

LE VOLEUR MALGRE LUI.—The proprietor of a small house in the rue du Haut Moulin, in the Cité, occupied the upper part and let the two lower stories to different tenants. Having from time to time lost various valuable articles belonging to him, he began to fear that he was unfortunate in his choice of tenants, and even at length entertained suspicions of his own brother, who was one of them. To accuse his relative without proof would, he justly felt, bring dishonour upon himself, and he therefore kindly gave him notice, not many days since, to quit. In the mean time he set a species of trap in the place where he kept his plate, so contrived that any hand which might attempt to steal it would be caught in the act, and the thief held fast. The night before the brother was to remove he was awakened by the cries of the suspicious proprietor, and, hastening up to his apartment, found him caught in his own snare, his hand grasping a silver knife and spoon. On investigation it was ascertained that the proprietor was the only perpetrator of the several robberies upon himself, which he had committed in a state of somnambulism; for on being afterwards watched by his brother, he was seen, while in his sleep, to get up, take his own watch, and go with it to the common sewer, into which he threw it. On searching the place the following day for the watch, all the missing articles were found in the same receptacle.—*Galignani.*

A "GHOST" IN CAMBRIDGE.—The inhabitants of Sidney Sussex College Lodge have lately been alarmed by a supernatural visitation of a very awful description. The following are, as far as we can learn, the circumstances of this affair:—On Friday night last, about the dread hour of midnight, the nursery maids, who were about retiring to rest, were terrified by hearing several strange and mysterious noises; the sounds appeared to proceed from the staircase; presently they ceased, and the door of the nursery was slowly opened, and a figure of tall and unnatural proportions presented itself before the horror-struck maids. The apparition had a head white and ghastly, long legs, also white, but the body was distinguished only by a dim outline. The body was a shadow—it was a thing of head and feet. The terrified maids rushed shrieking from the room—the lodge was aroused—the police were called in—but no trace of the apparition was visible, unless a curious odour which perfumed the apartment might be considered so. Next morning a precognition was made by Mr. Skrise and Captain Purchase, two of our magistrates, but nothing was discovered. The affair remains shrouded in mystery.—*Cambridge Advertiser. August 12. 1841.*